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*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

VILNA.

It is our trust
That there is yet another world to mend
All error and mischance.

LOUIS D'ARRAGON knew the road well enough from Königsberg to the Niemen. It runs across a plain, flat as a table, through which many small streams seek their rivers in winding beds. This country was not thinly inhabited, though the villages had been stripped, as foliage is stripped by a cloud of locusts. Each cottage had its ring of silver birch-trees to protect it from the winds which sweep from the Baltic and the steppe. These had been torn and broken down by the retreating army, in a vain hope of making fire with green wood.

It was quite easy to keep in the steps of the retreating army, for the road was marked by recumbent forms huddled on either side. Few vehicles had come so far, for the broken country near to Vilna and around Kowno had presented slopes up which the starving horses were unable to drag their load.

D'Arragon reached Kowno without mishap, and there found a Russian colonel of Cossacks who proved friendly enough, and not only appreciated the value of his passport and such letters of recommendation as he had been able to procure at Königsberg, but gave him others and forwarded him on his journey.

He still nourished a lingering belief in de Casimir's word.

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Charles must have been left behind at Vilna to recover from his exhaustion. He would, undoubtedly, make his way westward as soon as possible. He might have got away to the South. Any one of these huddled human landmarks might be Charles Darragon.

Louis was essentially a thorough man. The sea is a mistress demanding a whole and concentrated attention—and concentration soon becomes a habit. Louis did not travel at night for fear of passing Charles on the road, alive or dead. He knew his cousin better than any in the Frauengasse had learnt to know this gay and inconsequent Frenchman. A certain cunning lay behind the happy laugh—a great capacity was hidden by the careless manner. If ready wit could bring man through the dangers of the retreat, Charles had as good a chance of surviving as any.

Nevertheless, Louis rarely passed a dead man on the road, but drew up, and, quitting his sleigh, turned over the body, which was almost invariably huddled with its back offered to the deadly prevailing north wind. Against each this wind had piled a sloping bank of that fine snow which, even in the lightest breeze, drifts over the surface of the land like an ivory mist, waist high, and cakes the clothes. In a high wind it will rise twenty feet in the air and blind any who try to face it.

As often as not a mere glance sufficed to show that this was not Charles, for few of the bodies were clad. Many had been stripped, while still living, by their half-frozen comrades. But sometimes Louis had to dust the snow from strange bearded faces before he could pass on with a quick sigh of relief.

Beyond Kowno, the country is thinly populated, and spreading pine-forests bound the horizon. The Cossacks—the wild men of Toula, who reaped the laurels of the rearguard fighting—were all along the road. D'Arragon frequently came upon a picket—as often as not the men were placidly sitting on a frozen corpse, as on a seat—and stopped to say a few words and gather news.

'You will find your friend at Vilna,' said one young officer who had been attached to General Wilson's staff, and had many stories to tell of the energetic and indefatigable English commissioner. 'At Vilna we took twenty thousand prisoners—poor devils who came and asked us for food—and I don't know how many officers. And if you see Wilson there, remember me to him. If Napoleon has need to hate one man more than another for this business, it is that firebrand, Wilson. Yes, you will assuredly find your cousin at Vilna among the prisoners. But

you must not linger by the road, for they are being sent back to Moscow to rebuild that which they have caused to be destroyed.'

He laughed and waved his gloved hand as d'Arragon drove on.

After the broken land and low abrupt hills of Kowno, the country was flat again until the valley of the Vilia opened out. And here, almost within sight of Vilna, d'Arragon drove down a short hill which must ever be historic. He drove slowly, for on either side were gun-carriages deep sunken in the snow where the French had left them. This hill marked the final degeneration of the Emperor's army into a shapeless rabble hopelessly flying before an exhausted enemy.

Half on the road and half in the ditch were hundreds of carriages which had been hurriedly smashed up to provide firewood. Carts, still laden with the booty of Moscow, stood among the trees. Some of them contained small square boxes of silver coin, brought by Napoleon to pay his army and here abandoned. Silver coin was too heavy to carry. The rate of exchange had long been sixty francs in silver for a gold napoleon or a louis. The cloth coverings of the cushions had been torn off to shape into rough garments; the straw stuffing had been eaten by the horses.

Inside the carriages were—crouching on the floor—the frozen bodies of fugitives too badly wounded or too ill to attempt to walk. They had sat there till death came to them. Many were women. In one carriage four women, in silks and fine linen, were huddled together. Their furs had been dragged from them either before or after death.

Louis stopped at the bottom and looked back. De Casimir at all events had succeeded in surmounting this obstacle which had proved fatal to so many—the grave of so many hopes—God's rubbish heap, where gold and precious stones, silks and priceless furs, all that greedy men had schemed and striven and fought to get, fell from their hands at last.

Vilna lies all down a slope—a city built upon several hills—and the Vilia runs at the bottom. That Way of Sorrow, the Smolensk Road, runs eastward by the river bank, and here the rearguard held the Cossacks in check while Murat hastily decamped, after dark, westwards to Kowno. The King of Naples, to whom Napoleon gave the command of his broken army quite gaily—'à vous, Roi de Naples,' he is reported to have said as he hurried to his carriage—Murat abandoned his sick and wounded; did not even warn the stragglers.

D'Arragon entered the city by the narrow gate known as the Town Gate through which, as through that greater portal of Moscow, every man must pass bareheaded.

'The Emperor is here,' were the first words spoken to him by the officer on guard.

But the streets were quiet enough, and the winner in this great game of chance maintained the same unostentatious silence in victory as that which, in the hour of humiliation, had baffled Napoleon.

It was almost night, and d'Arragon had been travelling since daylight. He found a lodging and, having secured the comfort of the horse provided by the lame shoemaker of Königsberg, he went out into the streets in search of information.

Few cities are, to this day, so behind the times as Vilna. The streets are still narrow, winding, ill-paved, ill-lighted. When d'Arragon quitted his lodging he found no lights at all, for the starving soldiers had climbed to the lamps for the sake of the oil, which they had greedily drunk. It was a full moon, however, and the patrols at the street corners were willing to give such information as they could. They were strangers to Vilna like Louis himself, and not without suspicion; for this was a city which had bidden the French welcome. There had been dancing and revelry on the outward march. The citizens themselves were afraid of the strange wild-eyed men who returned to them from Moscow.

At last in the Episcopal Palace, where headquarters had been hurriedly established, Louis found the man he sought, the officer in charge of the arrangements for despatching prisoners into Russia and to Siberia. He was a grizzled warrior of the old school, speaking only French and Russian. He was tired out and hungry, but he listened to Louis' story.

'There is the list,' he said, 'it is more or less complete. Many have called themselves officers who never held a commission from the Emperor Napoleon. But we have done what we can to sort them out.'

So Louis sat down in the dimly lighted room and deciphered the names of those officers who had been left behind, detained by illness or wounds or the lack of spirit to persevere.

'You understand,' said the Russian, returning to his work, 'I cannot afford the time to help you. We have twenty-five thousand prisoners to feed and keep alive.'

'Yes—I understand,' answered Louis, who had the seaman's way of making himself a part of his surroundings.

The old colonel glanced at him across the table with a grim smile.

'The Emperor,' he said, 'was sitting in that chair an hour ago. He may come back at any moment.'

'Ah!' said Louis, following the written lines with a pencil.

But no interruption came, and at last the list was finished. Charles was not among the officers taken prisoner at Vilna.

'Well?' inquired the Russian, without looking up.

'Not there.'

The old officer took a sheet of paper and hurriedly wrote a few words on it.

'Try the Basile Hospital to-morrow morning,' he said. 'That will gain you admittance. It is to be cleared out by the Emperor's orders. We have about twenty thousand dead to dispose of as well—but they are in no hurry.'

He laughed grimly and bade Louis good night.

'Come to me again,' he called out after him, drawn by a sudden chord of sympathy to this stranger, who had the rare capacity of confining himself to the business in hand.

By daybreak the next morning Louis was at the hospital of St. Basile. It had been prepared by the Duc de Bassano under Napoleon's orders when Vilna was selected as the base of the great army. When the Russians entered Vilna after the retreating remnant of Murat's rabble, they found the dead and the dying in the streets and the market-place. Some had made fires and had laid themselves down around them—to die. Others were without food or firing, almost without clothes. Many were barefoot. All, officers and men alike, were in rags. It was a piteous sight; for half of these men were no longer human. Some were gnawing at their own limbs. Many were blind, others had lost their speech or hearing. Nearly all were marred by some disfigurement—some terrible sore, the result of a frozen wound, of frostbite, of scurvy, of gangrene.

The Cossacks, half civilised as they were, wild with the excitement of killing and the chase of a human quarry, stood aghast in the streets of Vilna.

When the Emperor arrived he set to work to clear the streets first, to get these piteous men indoors. There was no question yet of succouring them. It was not even possible to feed them all. The only thought was to find them some protection against the ruthless cold.

The first thought was, of course, directed to the hospitals. They looked in and saw a storehouse of the dead. The dead could wait; but the living must be housed.

So the dead waited, and it was their turn now at the St. Basile Hospital, where Louis presented himself at dawn.

'Looking for someone?' asked a man in uniform, who must have been inside the hospital, for he hurried down the steps with a set mouth and quailing eyes.

'Yes.'

'Then don't go in—wait here.'

Louis looked in and took the doctor's advice. The dead were stored in the passages, one on the top of the other, like bales of goods in a warehouse.

Some attempt seemed to have been made to clear the wards, but those whose task it had been had not had time to do more than drag the dead out into the passage.

The soldiers were now at work in the lower passage. Carts began to arrive. An officer told off to this dread duty came up hurriedly smoking a cigarette, his high fur collar about his ears. He glanced at Louis and bowed to him.

'Looking for someone?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Then stand here beside me. It is I who have to keep count. They say there are eight thousand in here. They will be carried past here to the carts. Have a cigarette.'

It is hard to talk when the thermometer registers more than twenty degrees of frost, for the lips stiffen and contract into wrinkles like the lips of a very old woman. Perhaps neither of the watchers was in the humour to begin an acquaintance.

They stood side by side, stamping their feet to keep the blood going, without speaking. Once or twice Louis stepped forward, and at a signal from the officer the bearers stopped. But Louis shook his head and they passed on. At midday the officer was relieved, his place being taken by another, who bowed stiffly to Louis and took no more notice of him. For war either hardens or softens. It never leaves a man as it found him.

All day the work was carried on. Through the hours this procession of the bearded dead went silently by. At the invitation of a sergeant, Louis took some soup and bread from the soldiers' table. The men laughingly apologised for the quality of both.

Towards evening the officer who had first come on duty returned to his work.

'Not yet?' he asked, offering the inevitable cigarette.

'Not yet,' answered Louis, and even as he spoke he stepped forward and stopped the bearers. He brushed aside the matted hair and beard.

'Is that your friend?' asked the officer.

'Yes.'

It was Charles at last.

'The doctor says these have been dead two months,' volunteered the first bearer, over his shoulder.

'I am glad you have found him,' said the officer, signing to the men to go on with their burden. 'It is better to know—is it not?'

'Yes,' answered Louis slowly. 'It is better to know.'

And something in his voice made the Russian officer turn and watch him as he went away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BARGAIN.

Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.

'OH, yes,' Barlasch was saying, 'it is easier to die—it is that that you are thinking—it is easier to die.'

Désirée did not answer. She was sitting in the little kitchen at the back of the house in the Frauengasse. For they had no firing now, and were burning the furniture. Her father had been buried a week. The siege was drawn closer than ever. There was nothing to eat, nothing to do, no one to talk to. For Sebastian's political friends did not dare to come near his house. Désirée was alone in this hopeless world with Barlasch, who was on duty now in one of the trenches near the river. He went out in the morning and only returned at night. He had just come in, and she could see by the light of the single candle that his face was grey and haggard, with deep lines drawn downwards from eyes to chin. Désirée's own face had lost all its roundness and the bloom of her northern girlhood.

Barlasch glanced at her, and bit his lip. He had brought

nothing with him. At one time he had always managed to bring something to the house every day—a chicken, or a turnip, or a few carrots. But to-night there was nothing. And he was tired out. He did not sit down, however, but stood breathing on his fingers and rubbing them together to restore circulation. He pushed the candle farther forward on the table, so that it cast a better light upon her face.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it is often so. I, who speak to you, have seen it so a dozen times in my life. When it is easier to sit down and die. Bah! That is a fine thing to do—a brave thing—to sit down and die.’

‘I am not going to do it, so do not make that mistake,’ said Désirée, with a laugh that had no mirth in it.

‘But you would like to. Listen. It is not what you feel that matters; it is what you do. Remember that.’

There was an unusual vigour in his voice. Of late, since the death of Sebastian, Barlasch seemed to have fallen victim to the settled apathy which lives within a prison wall and broods over a besieged city. It is a sort of silent mourning worn by the soul for a lost liberty. Dantzig had soon succumbed to it, for the citizens had not even the satisfaction of being quite sure that they were deserving of the world’s sympathy. It soon spread to the soldiers who were defending a Prussian city for a French Emperor who seemed to have forgotten them.

But to-night Barlasch seemed to be more energetic. Désirée looked round over her shoulder. He had not laid on the table any contribution to a bare larder; and yet his manner was that of one who has prepared a surprise and is waiting to enjoy its effect. He was restless, moving from one foot to another, rubbing together his crooked fingers and darting sidelong glances at her face.

‘What is it?’ she asked suddenly, and Barlasch gave a start as if he had been detected in some deceit. He bustled forward to the smouldering fire and held his hands over it.

‘It is that it is very cold to-night,’ he answered with that exaggerated ease of manner with which the young and the simple seek to conceal embarrassment. ‘Tell me, mademoiselle, what have we for supper to-night? It is I who will cook it. To-night we will keep a fête. There is that piece of beef for you. I know a way to make it appetising. For me there is my portion of horse. It is the friend of man—the horse.’

He laughed and made an effort to be gay, which had a poignant pathos in it that made Désirée bite her lip.

'What fête is it that we are to keep?' she asked, with a wan smile. Her kind blue eyes had that glitter in them which is caused by a constant and continuous hunger. Six months ago they had only been gay and kind, now they saw the world as it is, as it always must be so long as the human heart is capable of happiness and the human reason recognises the rarity of its attainment.

'The fête of St. Matthias—my fête, mademoiselle.'

'But I thought your name was Jean.'

'So it is. But I keep my fête at St. Matthias because on that day we won a battle in Egypt. We will have wine—a bottle of wine—eh?'

So Barlasch prepared a great feast which was to be celebrated by Désirée in the dining-room, where he lighted a fire, and by himself in the kitchen. For he held strongly to a code of social laws which the great Revolution had not succeeded in breaking. And one of these laws was that it would be in some way degrading to Désirée to see him eat.

He was a skilled and delicate cook, only hampered by that insatiable passion for economy which is the dominant characteristic of the peasant of Northern France. To-night, however, he was reckless, and Désirée could hear him searching in his secret hiding-place beneath the floor for concealed condiments and herbs.

'There,' he said, when he set the dish before her, 'eat it with an easy mind. There is nothing unclean in it. It is not rat or cat or the liver of a starved horse, such as we others eat and ask no better. It is all clean meat.'

He poured out wine, and stood in the darkened doorway watching her drink it. Then he went away to his own meal in the kitchen, leaving Désirée vaguely uneasy—for he was not himself to-night. She could hear him muttering as he ate and moved hither and thither in the kitchen. At short intervals he came and looked in at the door to make sure that she was doing full honour to St. Matthias. When she had finished he came into the room.

'Ah!' he said, glancing at her suspiciously and rubbing his hands together. 'That strengthens, eh?—that strengthens. We others who lead a rough life—we know that a little food and a glass of wine fit one out for any enterprise, for—well, any catastrophe.'

And Désirée knew in a flash of comprehension that the food and the wine and the forced gaiety were nothing but preliminaries to bad news.

'What is it?' she asked a second time. 'Is it . . . bombardment?'

'Bombardment,' he laughed, 'they cannot shoot, those Cossacks. It is only the French who understand artillery.'

'Then what is it?—for you have something to tell me, I know.'

He ruffled his shock-head of white hair, with a grimace of despair.

'Yes,' he admitted, 'it is news.'

'From outside?' cried Désirée, with a sudden break in her voice.

'From Vilna,' answered Barlasch. He came into the room and went past her towards the fire, where he put the logs together carefully.

'It is that he is alive,' said Désirée, 'my husband.'

'No, it is not that,' Barlasch corrected. He stood with his back to her, vaguely warming his hands. He had no learning, nor manners, nor any polish: nothing but those instincts of the heart that teach the head. And his instinct bade him turn his back on Désirée and wait in silence until she had understood his meaning.

'Dead?' she asked, in a whisper.

And, still warming his hands, he nodded his head vigorously. He waited a long time for her to speak, and at last broke the silence himself without looking round.

'Troubles,' he said, 'troubles for us all. There is no avoiding them. One can only push against them as against your cold wind of Dantzic that comes from the sea. One can only push on. You must push, mademoiselle.'

'When did he die?' asked Désirée, 'where?'

'At Vilna, three months ago. He has been dead three months. I knew he was dead when you came back to the inn at Thorn and told me that you had seen de Casimir. De Casimir had left him dying—that liar. You remember, I met a comrade on the road—one of my own country—he told me that they had left ten thousand dead at Vilna, and twenty thousand prisoners little better than dead. And I knew then that de Casimir had left him there dying, or dead.'

He glanced back at her over his shoulder, and at the sight of her face made that little click in his throat which, in peasant

circles, denotes a catastrophe. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side.

'Listen,' he said roughly, 'the good God knows best. I knew when I saw you first, that day in June, in this kitchen, that you were beginning your troubles; for I knew the reputation of Monsieur, your husband. He was not what you thought him. A man is never what a woman thinks him. But he was worse than most. And this trouble that has come to you is chosen by the good God—and he has chosen the least in his sack for you. You will know it some day—as I know it now.'

'You know a great deal,' said Désirée, who was quick in speech, and he swung round on his heel to meet her spirit.

'You are right,' he said, pointing his accusatory finger. 'I know a great deal about you—and I am a very old man.'

'How did you learn this news from Vilna?' she asked, and his hand went up to his mouth as if to hide his thoughts and control his lips.

'From one who comes straight from there—who buried your husband there.'

Désirée rose and stood with her hands resting on the table, looking at the persistent back again turned towards her.

'Who?' she asked, in little more than a whisper.

'The Captain—Louis d'Arragon.'

'And you have spoken to him to-day—here, in Dantzic?'

Barlasch nodded his head.

'Was he well?' asked Désirée, with a spontaneous anxiety that made Barlasch turn slowly and look at her from beneath his great brows.

'Oh, he was well enough,' he answered, 'he is made of steel, that gentleman. He was well enough, and he has the courage of the devil. There are some fishermen who come from Zoppot to sell their fish. They steal through the Russian lines—on the ice of the river at night and come to our outposts at daylight. One of them said my name this morning. I looked at him. He was wrapped up only to show the eyes. He drew his scarf aside. It was the Captain d'Arragon.'

'And he was well?' asked Désirée again, as if nothing else in the world mattered.

'Oh, mon Dieu, yes,' cried Barlasch impatiently, 'he was well, I tell you. Do you know why he came?'

Désirée had sat down at the table again, where she leant her

arms and rested her chin in the palms of her two hands; for she was weakened by starvation, and confinement, and sorrow.

‘No,’ she answered.

‘He came because he had learnt that the patron was dead. It was known in Königsberg a week ago. It is known all over Germany; that quiet old gentleman who scraped a fiddle here in the Frauengasse. And it is only I, in all the world, who know that he was a greater man in Paris than ever he was in Germany—with his Tugenbbund—and I cannot remember his name.’

Barlasch broke off and thumped his brow with his fists, as if to awaken that dead memory. And all the while he was searching Désirée’s face, with eyes made brighter and sharper than ever by starvation.

‘And do you know what he came for—the Captain—for he never does anything in idleness. He will run a great risk—but it is for a great purpose. Do you know what he came for?’

‘No.’

Barlasch jerked his head back and laughed.

‘For you.’

He turned and looked at her; but she had raised her clasped hands to her forehead, as if to shield her eyes from the light of the candle, and he could not see her face.

‘Do you remember,’ said Barlasch, ‘that night when the patron was so angry—on the mat—when Mademoiselle Mathilde had to make her choice. It is your turn to-night. You have to make your choice. Will you go?’

‘Yes,’ answered Désirée, behind her fingers.

“If Mademoiselle will come,” he said to me, “bring her to this place!” “Yes, mon capitaine,” answered I. “At any cost, Barlasch?” “At any cost, mon capitaine.” And we are not men to break our words. I will take you there—at any cost, mademoiselle. And he will meet you there—at any cost.’

And Barlasch expectorated emphatically into the fire, after the manner of low-born men.

‘What a pity,’ he added reflectively, ‘that he is only an Englishman!’

‘When are we to go?’ asked Désirée, still behind her barrier of clasped fingers.

‘To-morrow night, after midnight. We have arranged it all—the Captain and I—at the outpost nearest to the river. He has influence. He has rendered services to the Russians, and the

Russian commander will make a night attack on the outpost. In the confusion we get through. We arranged it together. He pays me well. It is a bargain, and I am to have my money. We shook hands on it, and those who saw us must have thought that I was buying fish. I, who have no money—and he, who had no fish.'

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FULFILMENT.

And I have laboured somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely.

WHEN Désirée came down the next morning she found Barlasch talking to himself and laughing as he prepared his breakfast.

He met her with a gay salutation, and seemed unable to control his hilarity.

'It is,' he explained, 'because to-night we shall be under fire. We shall be in danger. It makes me afraid, and I laugh. I cannot help it. When I am afraid, I laugh.'

He bustled about the room, and Désirée saw that he had already opened his secret store beneath the floor to take from it such delicacies as remained.

'You slept?' he asked sharply. 'Yes, I can see you did. That is good, for to-night we shall be awake. And now you must eat.'

For Barlasch was a materialist. He had fought death in one form or another all his life, and he knew that those who eat and sleep are better equipped for the battle than those who cherish high ideals or think great thoughts.

'It is a good thing,' he said, looking at her, 'that you are so slim. In a military coat—if you put on that short dress in which you skate, and your high boots—you will look like a soldier. It is a good thing that it is winter, for you can wear the hood of your military coat over your head, as they all do out in the trenches to keep their ears from falling. So you need not cut off your hair—all that golden hair. Name of thunder, that would be a pity, would it not?'

He turned to the fire and stirred his coffee reflectively.

'In my own country,' he said, 'a long time ago, there was a

girl who had hair like yours. That is why we are friends, perhaps.'

He gave a queer short laugh, and took up his sheepskin coat preparatory to going out.

'I have my preparations to make,' he said with an air of importance. 'There is much to be thought of. We had not long together, for the others were watching us. But we understand each other. I go now to give him the signal that it is for to-night. I have borrowed one of Lisa's dusters—a blue one that will show against the snow—with which to give him the signal. And he is watching from Zoppot with his telescope. That fat Liza—if I had held up my finger, she would have fallen in love with me. It has always been so. These women——'

And he went away muttering.

If he had preparations to make, Désirée had no less.

She could take but little with her, and she was quitting the house which had always been her home so long as she could remember. Those trunks which Barlasch had so unhesitatingly recognised as coming from France were, it seemed, destined never to be used again. Mathilde had gone, taking with her her few simple possessions; for they had always been poor in the *Frauen-gasse*. Sebastian had departed on that journey which the traveller must face alone, taking naught with him. And it was characteristic of the man that he had left nothing behind him—no papers, no testament, no clue to that other life so different from his life in the *Frauen-gasse* that it must have lapsed into a fleeting, intangible memory, such as the brain is sometimes allowed to retain of a dream dreamt in this existence, or perhaps in another. Sebastian was gone—with his secret.

Désirée, alone with hers, was left in this quiet house for a few hours longer. Mechanically she set it in order. What would it matter to-morrow whether it were set in order or not? Who would come to note the last touches? She worked with that feverish haste which is responsible for much unnecessary woman's work in this world—the haste that owes its existence to the fear of having time to think. Many talk for the same reason. What a quiet world, if those who have nothing to say said nothing! But speech or work must fail at last, and lo! the thoughts are lying in wait.

Désirée's thoughts found their opportunity when she went into the drawing-room upstairs, where her wedding breakfast had

been set before the guests only eight months ago. The guests—de Casimir, the Gräfin, Sebastian, Mathilde, Charles !

Désirée stood alone now in the silent room. She did not look at the table. The guests were all gone. The dead past had buried its dead. She went to the window and drew aside the curtain as she had drawn it aside on her wedding-day to look down into the Frauengasse and see Louis d'Arragon. And again her heart leapt in her breast with that throb of fear. She turned where she stood, and looked at the door as if she expected to see Charles come in at it, laughing and gay, explaining (he was so good at explaining) his encounter in the street, and stepping aside to allow Louis to come forward. Louis, who looked at no one but her, and came into the room and into her life.

She had been afraid of him. She was afraid of him still. And her heart had leapt at the thought that he had been restlessly, sleeplessly thinking of her, working for her—had been to Vilna and back for her, and was now waiting for her beyond the barrier of Russian camp-fires. The dangers which made Barlasch laugh—and she knew they were real enough, for it was only a real danger that stirred something in the old soldier's blood to make him gay—these dangers were of no account. She knew, she had known instantly and for all time when she looked down into the Frauengasse and saw Louis, that nothing in heaven or earth could keep them apart.

She stood now, looking at the empty doorway. What was the rest of her life to be ?

Barlasch returned in the afternoon. He was leisurely and inclined to contemplativeness. It would seem that his preparations having all been completed, he was left with nothing to do. War is a purifier; it clears the social atmosphere and puts womanly men and manly women into their right places. It is also a simplifier; it teaches us to know how little we really require in daily life, and how many of the environments with which men and women hamper themselves are superfluous and the fruit of idleness.

'I have nothing to do,' said Barlasch, 'I will cook a careful dinner. All that I have saved in money I cannot carry away; all that was stored beneath the floor must be left there. It is often so in war.'

He had told Désirée that they would have to walk twelve miles across the snow-clad marshes bordering the frozen Vistula,

between midnight and dawn. It needed no telling that they could carry little with them.

'You will have to make a new beginning in life,' he said curtly, 'with the clothes upon your back. How many times have I done it—the Saints alone know! But take money if you have it in gold or silver. Mine is all in copper gröschen, and it is too heavy to carry. I have never yet been anywhere that money was not useful—and name of a dog! I have never had it.'

So Désirée divided what money she possessed with Barlasch, who added it carefully up and repeated several times for accuracy the tale of what he had received. For, like many who do not hesitate to steal, he was very particular in money matters.

'As for me,' he said, 'I shall make a new beginning, too. The Captain will enable me to get back to France, when I shall go to the Emperor again. It is no place for one of the Old Guard, here with Rapp. I am getting old, but he will find something for me to do, that little Emperor.'

At midnight they set out, quitting the house in the Frauengasse noiselessly. The street was quiet enough, for half the houses were empty now. Their footsteps were inaudible on the trodden snow. It was a dark night and not cold; for the great frosts of this terrible winter were nearly over.

Barlasch carried his musket and bayonet. He had instructed Désirée to walk in front of him, should they meet a patrol. But Rapp had no men to spare for patrolling the town. There was no spirit left in Dantzig; for typhus and starvation patrolled the narrow streets.

They quitted the town to the north-west, near the Oliva Gate. There was no guard-house here because Langfuhr was held by the French, and Rapp's outposts were three miles out on the road to Zoppot.

'I have played this game for fifty years,' said Barlasch, with a low laugh, when they reached the earthworks completed, at such enormous cost of life and strength, by Rapp; 'follow me and do as I do. When I stoop, stoop; when I crawl, crawl; when I run, run.'

For he was a soldier now and nothing else. He stood erect and looked round him with the air of a young man—ready, keen, alert. Then he moved forward with confidence towards the high land which terminates in the Johannesberg, whither the peaceful Dantzigers now repair on a Sunday afternoon to drink thin beer and admire the view.

Below them on the right hand lay the marshes, a white expanse of snow with a single dark line drawn across it—the Langfuhr road with its double border of trees.

Barlasch turned once or twice to make sure that Désirée was following him; but he added nothing to his brief instructions. When he gained the summit of the tableland which runs parallel with the coast and the Langfuhr road, he paused for breath.

'When I crawl, crawl. When I run, run,' he whispered again; and led the way. He went up the bed of a stream, turning his back to the coast, and at a certain point stopped and by a gesture of the hand bade Désirée crouch down and wait till he returned. He came back and signed to her to quit the bed of the stream and follow him. When she came up to the tableland she found that they were quite close to a camp-fire. Through the low pines she could perceive the dark outline of a house.

'Now run,' whispered Barlasch, leading the way across an open space which seemed to extend to the line of the horizon. Without looking back Désirée ran—her only thought was a sudden surprise that Barlasch could move so quickly and silently.

When he gained the shelter of some trees he threw himself down on the snow, and Désirée coming up to him found him breathlessly holding his sides and laughing aloud.

'We are through the lines,' he gasped, 'name of a dog, I was so frightened. There they go—pam! pam! Buz . . . z . . . z . . .

And he imitated the singing buzz of the bullets humming through the trees over their heads. For half a dozen shots were fired, while he was yet speaking, from behind the camp-fires. There were no more, however, and presently, having recovered his breath, Barlasch rose.

'Come,' he said, 'we have a long walk. *En route.*'

They made a great circuit in the pine-woods, through which Barlasch led the way with an unerring skill, and descending towards the plain far beyond Langfuhr they came out on to a lower tableland, below which the great marshes of the Vistula stretched in the darkness, slowly merging at last into the sea.

'Those,' said Barlasch, pausing at the edge of the slope, 'those are the lights of Oliva, where the Russians are. That line of lights straight in front is the Russian fleet lying off Zoppot, and with them are English ships. One of them is the little ship of Captain d'Arragon. And he will take you home with him; for

the ship is ordered to England, to Plymouth—which is across the Channel from my own country. Ah—cristi! I sometimes want to see my own country again—and my own people—mademoiselle.’

He went on a few paces and then stopped again, and in the darkness held up one hand, commanding silence. It was the churches of Dantzic striking the hour.

‘Six o’clock,’ he whispered, ‘it will soon be dawn. Yes—we are half an hour too early.’

He sat down and, by a gesture, bade Désirée sit beside him.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘the Captain told me that he is bound for England to convoy larger ships, and you will sail in one of them. He has a home in the west of England, and he will take you there—a sister or a mother, I forget which—some woman. You cannot get on without women—you others. It is there that you will be happy, as the bon Dieu meant you to be. It is only in England that no one fears Napoleon. One may have a husband there and not fear that he will be killed. One may have children and not tremble for them—and it is that that makes you happy—you women.’

Presently he rose and led the way down the slope. At the foot of it he paused and, pointing out a long line of trees, said in a whisper:

‘He is there—where there are three taller trees. Between us and those trees are the French outposts. At dawn the Russians attack the outposts, and during the attack we have simply to go through it to those trees. There is no other way—that is the rendezvous. Those three tall trees. When I give the word, you get up and run to those trees—run without pausing, without looking round. I will follow. It is you he has come for—not Barlasch. You think I know nothing. Bah! I know everything. I have always known it—your poor little secret.’

They lay on the snow crouching in a ditch until a grey line appeared low down in the Eastern sky and the horizon slowly distinguished itself from the thin thread of cloud that nearly always awaits the rising of the sun in Northern latitudes.

A minute later the dark group of trees broke into intermittent flame and the sharp, short ‘Hurrah!’ of the Cossacks, like an angry bark, came sweeping across the plain on the morning breeze.

‘Not yet,’ whispered Barlasch, with a gay chuckle of enjoyment. ‘Not yet—not yet. Listen, the bullets are not coming

here, but are going past to the right of us. When you go, keep to the left. Slowly at first—keep a little breath till the end. Now, up! Mademoiselle, run; name of thunder, let us run!’

Désirée did not understand which were the French lines and which the line of Russian attack. But there was a clear way to the three trees which stood above the rest, and she went towards them. She knew she could not run so far, so she walked. Then the bullets, instead of passing to the right, seemed to play round her—like bees in a garden on a summer day—and she ran until she was tired.

The trees were quite close now, and the sky was light behind them. Then she saw Louis coming towards her, and she ran into his arms. The sound of the humming bullets was still in her dazed brain, and she touched him all over with her gloved hand as she clung to him, as a mother touches her child when it has fallen, to see whether it be hurt.

‘How was I to know?’ she whispered breathlessly. ‘How was I to know that you were to come into my life?’

The bullets did not matter it seemed, nor the roar of the firing to the right of them. Nothing mattered—except that Louis must know that she had never loved Charles.

He held her and said nothing. And she wanted him to say nothing. Then she remembered Barlasch, and looked back over her shoulder.

‘Where is Barlasch?’ she asked, with a sudden sinking at her heart.

‘He is coming slowly,’ replied Louis. ‘He came slowly behind you all the time, so as to draw the fire away from you.’

They turned and waited for Barlasch, who seemed to be going in the wrong direction with an odd vagueness in his movements. Louis ran towards him with Désirée at his heels.

‘Ça-y-est,’ said Barlasch; which cannot be translated, and yet has many meanings. ‘Ça-y-est.’

And he sat down slowly on the snow. He sat quite upright and rigid, and in the cold light of the Baltic dawn they saw the meaning of his words. One hand was within his fur coat. He drew it out and concealed it from Désirée behind his back. He did not seem to see them, but presently he put out his hand and lightly touched Désirée. Then he turned to Louis with that confidential drop of the voice with which he always distinguished his friends from those who were not his friends.

‘What is she doing?’ he asked. ‘I cannot see in the dark. Is it not dark? I thought it was. What is she doing? Saying a prayer? What—because I have my affair? Hey, mademoiselle. You may leave it to me. I will get in, I tell you that.’

He put his finger to his nose, and then shook it from side to side with an air of deep cunning.

‘Leave it to me. I shall slip in. Who will stop an old man, who has many wounds? Not St. Peter, assuredly. Let him try. And if the good God hears a commotion at the gate He will only shrug His shoulders. He will say to St. Peter, “Let pass; it is only Papa Barlasch!”’

And then there was silence. For Barlasch had gone to his own people.

THE END.

IN GUIPÚZCOA.

BY MRS. WOODS.

II.

THE SHRINE OF LOYÓLA.

IN the immortal *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* of Dicky Doyle, there is a picture of the kind of conveyance in which our fathers travelled over Europe in the days when Queen Victoria was young and they were all in love with her—the days before the big expresses were thundering up and down and across the continents. It is a high diligence, piled with luggage and human beings, and on its topmost peak the heroes may be observed, flattening themselves in unseemly terror, as the stout German team sweeps them towards a tunnel of inadequate proportions. On the top of just such another diligence we found ourselves in the second year of King Edward, in the province of Guipúzcoa, the country of the Basques, on the road from Arona to Azpéitia. But, the day being a holiday, our diligence was more completely covered with human beings than that historic one; and there were a good many local Brown, Jones, and Robinsons on the topmost peak, which happened—regrettably—to be my box. We also were, if not quite unmanned, nervous and distressed, not because our team were bearing us recklessly onward, but because they could not get on at all. It was at the first hill that the horses struck. There were five of them, it is true, but they were only Spanish horses, which are to ours as a peseta to a shilling. Wedged in ourselves by this undue weight of passengers, we sat gazing thoughtfully at a rocky bank beneath, on which it seemed likely we should soon be lying, with the luggage and a crowd of persons on the top of us. For the driver had jumped down and the team were all five turning round to look him in the face. The other passengers, with their clean, round, holiday faces beaming from under their round caps, were enjoying the fun and shouting encouragements in the Basque tongue to driver and horses alternately. It was a long time before one of them thought of relieving the horses of his weight, but at length two or three dropped to the ground, and the hapless animals broke into their usual hand-gallop, uphill and down, the top-heavy vehicle swaying behind them. Fortunately, passengers and pack-

ages were for the most part bound for the nearer villages and hamlets, and their load diminished rapidly.

The villages of this mountain valley, down which the Urola flows, are squalid even when they are called towns, but the great brown mass of a church will stand up imposing at a distance, and strangely incongruous electric lights hang in the narrow old-world streets. I remember near Cestona a picturesque mediæval bridge leading to a green jalousied villa, gay in a garden of lilacs. And at the entrance of the narrow ancient bridge stood an electric lamp-post which would have done honour to the Avenue de l'Opéra, while another lamp reared its head from among the blossoms under the villa windows. Æsthetically these particular lamp-posts were not to be praised, yet in this remote spot they set one questioning whether England is not really the most backward among the civilised countries of the world.

More than once as the Madrid express has rushed through Guipúzcoa, I have thought its banks set with primroses, its orchards full of blossom, its mountains, the dwarf woods and meadows of their lower slopes bright with the emerald of spring, their grey barren heights towering above, too beautiful to be left so summarily behind. But it must be confessed that Guipúzcoa is inhospitable. The hotels of Zaraus are closed except for three summer months, those of Zumarraga are bad, and to say that the hotel at Loyóla, to which we are bound, is good is to tell a falsehood. Nevertheless, the French Guide does say so. The huge bathing establishment of Cestona, the—mistaken—pride of the neighbourhood, this Guide admires expansively. We passed it in a pleasant spot indeed on the banks of the river, large and replete with every modern ugliness. But *à quoi bon*? It was like the Zaraus hotels, closed.

So we came to Azpétia, a somewhat larger and also more picturesque *pueblo* than those through which we had passed. The market-place was seething with people, for not only was it a holiday, but a circus was there. The ubiquitous circus! I saw it last on a Welsh mountain side, and here it was among the mountains of Guipúzcoa; the same round tent—somewhat smaller; the same vans behind—somewhat less ornamental; the same smell of wild beasts, certainly quite as strong; and probably the same clown inside. The scene at the entrance, however, is not the same. The crowd, male and female, presses up the steps, climbs up sideways, pushes, crawls, wriggles up through competitors,

slithers under partitions, till the pale keepers of the door summon to their assistance two Civil Guards, who have been standing under the Arcade, looking at the show with a grand pretence of indifference. The Civil Guard is the Policeman Picturesque. He wears a long dark cloak thrown gracefully about him, over the scarlet collar of which his black moustache shows glossy and superb. His fine eyes flash from the shade of a cocked hat which would add dignity to a commander-in-chief. I have expressed my admiration for him before, but it breaks out again every time I cross the frontier, and at a busy railway-station, or on the other side of a quiet country bridge, catch sight of him once more, and compare him with the French *douanier* or *gendarme* a few yards off. For the French official has neither the obliging manners and fine physique of our Policeman, nor the gravely splendid appearance of the Civil Guard. And here at any rate the Civil Guards are quite equal to the occasion. They repulse the enthusiastic mob without violence, and get the ladies through with a firmness and chivalry worthy of policemen. The band strikes up, the show begins; but not for us. Our freshly horsed diligence reels through the crowd, pressing it back upon itself, knocks down but just does not kill a peasant, and so dashes out of the town along the green level mountain valley of Iraurgi, in the direction of Azcoitia. At a turn of the road a great domed building, the stone of it pale in the sunlight, comes into view against a wooded hill-side: the church and seminary of Loyola. There is something almost startling in the appearance of this Palladian edifice, so metropolitan, so clear-cut, severe, in the midst of the remote and rural mountain valley. The dome of the Church of St. Ignatius rises between two long straight wings of the same prison-like architecture as the Escorial. Concealed behind one of these is the Holy House in which, in the year 1492, Inigo Loyola was born to parents little suspecting how portentous an infant was this, which made its entrance into the world so modestly, at the tail of eight sons. Portentous truly in more ways than one, for Inigo Loyola is the only son born in the course of all the ages to the ancient, mysterious Basque race, who has left any visible mark on the face of the world beyond their own busy, prosperous little country. In the eyes of the great majority of that world beyond, the mark is a sinister one; but no majority vote has yet succeeded in wiping it out.

Tradition says that the future saint's mother, in devout imi-

tation of the Blessed Virgin, bore him in the mule-stable. It was formerly customary in Spain to have the mule-stable under the living-rooms of the house; and it was the only part of the Tower of Loyóla left standing when Henry IV. of Castille caused the *casas torres* of the nobles to be destroyed. This he did with a view to discouraging the continual faction-fights wherewith the Basques, like other mountain races, beguiled the tedium of a country life. Such remains of a *casa torre* may often be passed unnoticed to-day, guarding the passage of some old bridge. They have been roofed over, and present the appearance of nothing more interesting than a rude square house of stone. The Loyóla family are said to have received the royal permission to rebuild theirs on condition it was of brick. So above the rough stone of the old fortress rises a tower of fine brickwork, crenellated and with 'iny flanking tourelles. In the gloomy little court-yard where it now stands it is impossible to get a complete view of it, but in the days when it stood in the sunlight, by the bright river and amid the pleasant greenery of wooded hill and field, it must have been as picturesque a castle as any of the Rhineland. The arms of the Loyóla family carved over the doorway—two wolves with a cauldron between them—are typically Basque. For the decorative stone coats of arms which give distinction to the prison-like houses of the towns, will usually be found to have as supporters neither mermaids, lions, nor unicorns, but the somewhat plebeian animals of the country. Yet plebeian is a word not lightly to be used of things Basque, since the entire Basque race appears to be of noble birth. Your innkeeper may be a *marquis*; and your *marquis* no different from any other innkeeper.

The Loyólas would appear to have been above the common run of nobility. They had relations in the great world, and young Inigo was educated in the house of a kinsman, the Duke of Najera. At thirty he had seen war, the court, and the world. He was imaginative. How indeed can a man make a new thing under the sun who is not? He knew and loved his *Amadis of Gaul*, and modelled his conduct on that of the heroes of chivalry. He was, if his biographers are to be trusted, 'a very perfit gentle knight,' possessed of all martial and courtly accomplishments, proud, dignified, and quick to resent an insult to himself or to his lady, to whom he was devoted in chivalrous wise. This lady was of birth 'higher than noble,' and is thought to have been King Ferdinand's niece, Juana of Naples. To her he wrote sonnets

and canzones, but even these were often of a religious cast, and he wrote a longer poem in honour of St. Peter. He is said to have been handsome, though not tall. The Basques are seldom tall, and in both his portraits Inigo Loyóla's is the Basque rather than the Spanish type. The round Basque head and face, short chin, and somewhat thick fleshy neck and figure are more marked in the early soldier portrait than in the later one of the Saint. The countenance, even in youth, somewhat traverses the laudations of biographers. The mouth bespeaks a man to get his own way at any cost; the eyes suggest that he would get it, if necessary, by any means. The portrait of him in old age is wholly unpleasing, perhaps by the artist's fault.

The change in his life came when he was thirty years of age. After a brave defence of Pamplona against the French, he returned severely wounded to the Tower where he had been born. Lying long weeks in a gloomy mediæval chamber, a victim to the barbarous surgery of the day, he began to see visions and dream dreams. Yet at first he regarded an apparition of St. Peter, promising him recovery, as a mere casual favour from Heaven. But further tortures followed; long months of suffering and tedium. Vainly the poor young soldier absorbed himself for hours together in the contemplation of the charms of his absent lady, inventing new ways of exhibiting his prowess and devotion to her, new gallantries, new *motes*, or little hidden language by means of which they two might hold private converse, even in a crowd. Human nature was too much for chivalry and he was still bored. He begged for some book of romance wherewith to beguile the time; but books were scarce in the house of his good brother Martin, who was, since their parents' death, master of the Tower of Loyóla. They could only supply him with a 'Life of our Saviour,' by the monk Ludolphus, and the 'Lives of the Saints.' Books read under such circumstances, the world shut out, the flesh at its feeblest; were likely to make a deep impression on a mind naturally devout. Portents followed. A mysterious earthquake, unfelt elsewhere, shook the castle and broke the windows of his room. The Virgin and Child appeared to him. The idea of adopting the religious life and going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem took more and more hold on him. Being expert with pen and pencil he 'wrote,' or rather illuminated in divers colours, a book of the life and sayings of Christ and the Saints; and this is a relic of St. Ignatius of

Loyóla which we should any of us be glad to possess. For though of the writers of books there is to-day no end, there are in England perhaps not more than two or three persons who could write such a book as this, with the making of which the soldier and courtier of Charles V. beguiled the tedious hours in the Tower of Loyóla.

Before his imprisonment within its walls was over, the soldier and courtier in Inigo—henceforth to be known as Ignatius—Loyóla, were doomed to death; at least in their external aspects. The fakir was for awhile to be dominant in his personality; that too in a measure to pass away.

It was a year after his arrival at Loyóla that he bade farewell—with little show of love or gratitude—to his brother Martin, who appears to have been to him as a kind father, and to his sister-in-law Magdalena. This Magdalena was a pious and lovely person, and Ignatius retained for her so great an affection and respect, that many years afterwards he pasted a bit of paper over the pictured face of a Madonna, because it reminded him of this altogether pure and delightful human affection. In the midst of laudations, luminosities, apparitions, miracles, in which the biographers have shrouded him, it is difficult to see with precision the features of Ignatius Loyóla; to judge how far the vices and virtues of his system, implicit in the rules which he left to the Company of Jesus, were to him explicit, and how far they reflected the tendencies of his own character. But at certain points we are bidden especially to observe his regard for the truth: for example, when he took leave of brother Martin and sister Magdalena. He had by this time determined to abandon his career as a soldier, to devote himself to the religious life, and to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But he informed his brother that it was his intention first to present himself before his late commander, after which his plans were uncertain. His biographers point with pride to the modicum of truth contained in his statements. That he was going to see his commander appears, in spite of what they say, to have been a downright honest lie, for he does not seem to have made the least attempt to visit the Duke of Najera. The uncertainty of his plans was the Truth Jesuitical; for he was doubtless uncertain precisely in what manner and in what place he should devote himself to religion.

So he rode away once more from the home of his fathers, mounted on a good mule—which is as handsome a horse as any in

Spain—gallantly attired in the crimson velvet and miniver fur of a courtly noble, and armed with a sword and dagger such as the armouries of Spain could then produce. And as he rode towards the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat, there joined him one of the Moriscos, or conforming Moors, who were still at that time permitted to remain in Spain. And the Morisco, foolishly enough, fell to discussing the Blessed Virgin with the crimson-clad young cavalier. Now although in what he said he very carefully—the fear of the Inquisition before his eyes—kept on the safe side of Orthodoxy, it was not of a nature to satisfy a young man who believed himself to have been recently visited by the Queen of Heaven, and had transferred to her his chivalrous devotion to his lady.

The Morisco, perceiving himself to have caught an odd sort of fish, possibly a Tartar, clapped spurs to his mule and rode away hastily, without leave-taking. For what could a poor Morisco do against an enraged nobleman, armed with a blade from Bilbao or the finest Toledo steel? So Loyóla rode on alone. But the more he reflected on the Morisco's words the more convinced he became that he had offended against the first laws of chivalry in not despatching with his poniard the infidel who had fallen short of respect to his liege lady. He set spurs to his steed and sprang forward to repair his error. Fortunately, some doubt as to the propriety of stabbing the Morisco crossed his mind before he came to a place where the road forked; so like a good knight-errant, he laid the reins on the neck of his steed, determined to leave the decision to him. And the wise mule chose the other road from that which the Morisco had taken; who, poor wretch, was by this time no doubt breathing his mule and padding quietly on his way, little guessing how near was death at his heels, in the shape of that same ruffling cavalier in the crimson velvet and miniver fur.

Thirteen years later, the cavalier returned to the valley of Iraurgi, not yet indeed a priest, but a preacher and having already the renown of a saint. The nucleus of the Company of Jesus had been formed when in secrecy, in the crypt of the church of Montmartre, six disciples had with Ignatius himself pronounced religious vows, administered by the only ordained priest among them. He was now on his way to Italy and Rome, where five years later—in 1540—the Pope sanctioned the formal foundation of the Order.

We may believe that not only consideration for his health but

some unacknowledged tenderness towards his old home and its inhabitants brought him back to the mountain valley. But although he had by this time abandoned the external habits of the fakir, he retained the fakir's contempt for the affections. 'Never but once did he consent to enter the house of his fathers, and then only in compliance with the entreaties of his brother's wife, who on her knees implored him by the passion of Our Lord to visit Loyóla, at least for a few hours. But he yielded rather, we are told, that he might impress upon her the reverence with which he regarded that holy mystery, than out of any weak relenting of his heart towards his own kindred.'¹

His health, which had been shattered by years of asceticism, study, and struggles with powerful opponents, was quickly restored by his native air. He preached out of doors to enormous audiences. He founded at Azpéitia the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament, which became the model for that of the *Poveri Vergognosi*, so well known in Italy: an association for the assistance of the deserving poor whose modesty or dignity prevents them from publicly asking relief. Traditions of the saint linger in the valley. Forty years ago a farmhouse was pointed out to which he would often walk, and a piece of the rope which he wore round his waist was shown. It is not related that this performed any of the abundant miracles of the biographies, although we are informed that the saint's dirty linen effected a marvellous cure on his washerwoman.

The room in the Tower of Loyóla, in which he had suffered so much and made resolves so momentous, became also 'possessed of a wonderful virtue.' It was eventually turned into a chapel, but the house of Loyóla was visited by such multitudes of pilgrims that they could not be contained in it, and Mass was often celebrated under the sky.

In 1683 the Holy House, with the surrounding land, was bought by Marianne, the widow of Philip IV., and presented to the Jesuits for the purpose of founding a College at Loyóla. Marianne's Austrian lip and joyless young face may be seen on more than one canvas at Madrid, and seem less distressing when swathed in the cerements of a widow than when surrounded by courtly fripperies. Her half-idiotic son, Charles II., became patron of the College which she founded, and slowly the pile of buildings arose. They would deserve no more than a passing

¹ *Ignatius Loyóla and the Early Jesuits.* By Stewart Rose.

architectural comment were they but the shrine of Loyóla as he was formed and manifested in this spot. For they would commemorate little more than the flitting across the fresh beauty of the mountain scene of a spiritual bat, born to hang in the dim caverns of superstition, and uttering here with thin scream his protest against God's sunshine. Elsewhere than in the valley of Iraurgi, in court and in camp, was fostered and ripened the extraordinary sagacity, was supplied the moral fibre of this son of the ancient mysterious race. But the stately, and in some aspects forbidding, pile of architecture, that seems to have been caught up by some djinn from Madrid, and dropped in this remote valley, is the shrine, and in a sense the capital, of a more than national power, of a power of more weight in the world than many ancient kingdoms. Here, at Loyóla, the Congregation meets. Here, behind those walls, are chosen from various nations, and tempered according to the Institutes of Loyóla, instruments and ultimately wielders of that power. These who, on certain days, come in twos and threes across the grey bridge, slim young figures, black against the fresh green of spring, holding their robes about them in the wind like the skirts of a girl, and looking round with girlish faces on a world just a little wider than the courts of the seminary—these are the future men with whom, in their terrible corporate capacity, more than one Government will one day be grappling in mortal struggle; beneath whose power succumbed some State may lie dying or dead, as long dead Spain. An Englishman can afford to look on the spiritual sons of Loyóla with impartial eyes, appreciative of their merits as educationalists and as missionaries; for he knows that their system could never take root among us. It is worthy of remark that the Jesuits, so intelligent, so tactful in their dealings with other races, in dealing with the English have shown a singular stupidity. Time and experience teach them nothing. They made a big blunder in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and they repeated the blunder, on a small scale, in the last days of Queen Victoria. To other countries they are a problem: to the British Empire they are nothing more dangerous than external and declared foes.

*THE OLD COLONIAL SYSTEM AND
PREFERENTIAL TRADE.*

THE ideal of a self-contained Empire, whatever its other merits may be, is not new. In a vague fashion it has hovered before the minds of English statesmen and rulers since the Middle Ages, and for nearly two centuries it was one of the most distinct and definite aims of our public policy. The methods by which it was sought to attain the end were, first, by giving a monopoly of the over-sea trade to British merchants and shippers, and secondly, by encouraging inter-Imperial commerce through the operation of preferential tariffs and bounties. The former system found its most characteristic expression in the famous Navigation Acts. The earliest of these is the statute of Richard II.'s reign (5 Ric. II. cap. 3) which enacted that no subject of the King should ship any merchandise, outward or homeward, in any but ships 'of the King's ligeance,' under heavy penalties. The Act however could not be maintained, and during the next hundred and seventy years Parliament was engaged from time to time either in relaxing its stringency or in passing supplemental Acts intended to render it effective. The general result was to provoke reprisals on the part of foreign States; and it was expressly on this ground that the whole series was repealed in the first year of Queen Elizabeth. The preamble to the repealing Act (1 Eliz. cap. 13), after referring to the 'divers statutes made in the times of the Queen's most noble progenitors,' with the object of restricting the foreign carrying trade, goes on as follows:

Since the making of which said statutes other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several Acts, as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions, by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the Kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore aggrieved and endamaged; for reformation whereof, and for increasing the continuance of amity, be it enacted, &c.

From which it would appear that the policy of retaliation is not new either, and was quite understood by the Governments of the sixteenth century.

The Elizabethan Act did not, however, place foreign importers

on the same footing as nationals. It imposed a differential tax, or alien's duty, as it was called, on cargoes carried in foreign bottoms. Special attempts were made to foster the trade with the American and West Indian Colonies, and were repeated by various enactments under the first two Stuarts and the Commonwealth. In 1646 an ordinance laid down a reciprocal arrangement with the 'plantations,' under which English goods were to enter the colonial ports free of duty, provided that the return cargoes were conveyed only in English ships.

In 1650 the period of close monopoly began, with the ordinance of that year which excluded foreign vessels from the colonial ports. This was followed in 1651 by Cromwell's famous Act of Navigation, which was enlarged and strengthened immediately after the Restoration by the Act of 1660.¹ These two famous statutes—the *Carta Maritima* of Britain, as their eulogists called them—dominated our whole colonial system till the triumph of free-trade principles in the nineteenth century. By their provisions no goods were to be imported into, or exported from, any British possessions except in such ships 'as doe truly and without fraud belong onely to the people of England,' or in ships belonging to any of the Colonies, of which at least three-fourths of the crew were to be English, on pain of the forfeiture of both ship and cargo. No foreigner might become a merchant or factor in any of the Colonies. The historic distinction between 'enumerated' and 'non-enumerated' articles was laid down in the eighteenth clause of the Act of 1660. The enumerated commodities, which included sugar, tobacco, cotton, wool, indigo, and dye woods, could only be shipped from a colonial port either to England or to one of the English plantations. Grain, it is to be observed, was not in the enumerated list, nor was fish, or salt provisions, or other articles of common consumption in the British Isles. No produce of any part of Europe could be imported into any of the plantations except from England or Wales. No produce of any part of the world could be imported except directly from the country of its origin; and no produce of Asia, Africa, or America could be imported at all except in English ships.

The Navigation Acts have usually been discussed from the commercial point of view alone. But they were enacted for political, quite as much as economic, reasons. The first Cromwellian ordinance

¹ 12 Car. II. cap. 18

was really due to the civil dissensions in England. The American Colonies were largely Royalist, and many of the adherents of the House of Stuart flocked to them. The Ordinance of 1650 was made 'to prevent for the time to come, and to hinder, the carrying over of any such persons as are enemies to the Commonwealth, or that may prove dangerous to any of the English plantations in America.' The Act of 1651 and its successor, that of the Restoration year, were aimed directly at our enemies, the United States of Holland. It was the fruit, says Adam Smith, of 'national animosity,' intended, as Sir William Blackstone put it, to 'clip the wings' of the Dutch. And clip them to some extent it assuredly did. The Dutch were the great carriers of the world in the seventeenth century. Holland was the emporium for all the northern and central part of Europe, and her fishing fleet, incomparably superior to that of all rivals, was the foundation on which she had built up a most formidable warlike Navy. The Navigation Acts were deliberately devised to injure the Dutch carrying trade, and to promote the maritime supremacy of Britain, by giving our merchants and shipowners the monopoly of the most profitable part of the trans-oceanic commerce. It is worth remembering that the Acts, regarded as measures of high policy, are warmly defended by Adam Smith, notwithstanding his general objection to the 'mean and malignant' mercantile system. He mentions them as one of the cases in which it may be deemed advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry, pointing out that any trade may be legitimately protected when it is necessary for national security. 'The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The Act of Navigation, therefore, very properly endeavours to give the sailors and the shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country.' He adds that 'the most deliberate wisdom,' in the middle of the seventeenth century, would have counselled English statesmen to aim at the diminution of the naval power of Holland, 'the only naval power which could endanger the security of England,' and as 'defence is of much more importance than opulence,' the author of 'The Wealth of Nations' considered the Navigation Act 'perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.'

How far the Acts did really produce the effects ascribed to them has often been disputed. They drove the Dutch out of

the colonial trade, of which otherwise they might have secured a large share. Great Britain commanded the markets of the Colonies, and had a monopoly of her own carrying trade which no competitors could touch. It is sometimes said that the result of this system of Protection was to ruin the navy and mercantile marine of Holland, and to raise our own to supremacy. But this is overstating the case. The Dutch, though hard hit by our policy of exclusion, were not ruined. When they lost the commerce of the English plantations and islands they directed their energies into other channels, and gained a larger share than before of the transport trade of Europe and the East. Forty years after the legislative Act of 1660, Sir Josiah Child published a pamphlet in which he complained bitterly that we were being beaten all over the world by the Hollanders. He declares that they had quite driven us from the Russian ports, where we had formerly had a great superiority :

In the Greenland trade the Dutch and the Hamburgers had usually between them from four to five hundred ships, the English in some years one, in others not one ; in the East India trade the Dutch had increased manifold, while the English were on the decline ; in the trade for raw wool, to Bilbao in Spain, the Dutch, probably by underbidding them in freights, had wholly supplanted the English buyers ; the greater part of the Plate trade had fallen into their hands ;

and so on. Nor was this merely transient. Writing three-quarters of a century later, Adam Smith speaks of the Dutch as being even then 'the great carriers of Europe,' and Holland as being still the principal emporium for all European goods ; and, moreover, the Dutch continued to be the chief, though no longer the only, 'fishers' in Europe, 'that attempted to supply foreign nations with fish.' Considering its small area, its limited population, and its scanty natural resources, Holland remained extraordinarily prosperous and powerful throughout the larger part of the eighteenth century. It was not so much the Navigation Laws, which brought it down from its high place in the hierarchy of nations, as the corruption and stagnation of its internal government, and the rivalry, mercantile or military, of more populous and better endowed States. It is scarcely open to doubt that, even without the Navigation Acts, the struggle for naval supremacy between England and Holland must eventually have terminated in favour of the country with the greater expanse of sea-board, the more numerous harbours, the larger maritime population, and the superior geographical situation. As a matter of fact, Holland

had, for its size, a respectable, and even formidable, navy almost down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and, as late as 1797, its fleet was able to measure itself against that of England, at Camperdown, in pretty nearly the most hard fought and obstinate sea-battle of the whole Revolutionary War. And, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the naval predominance of England was really secured in the seventeenth century by the wars with the Dutch, and the shattering defeat of the French at La Hogue in 1692, which triumph of British valour, seamanship and luck, can hardly be ascribed to the legislation of 1660. The crews and ships which beat off De Ruyter, and overwhelmed Tourville, had not been brought into existence by the recently created monopoly of the colonial carrying trade. It is quite conceivable that the progress of the English marine, both military and commercial, would have been almost as rapid if it had been allowed to run freely along all the natural lines of development without being forced into a particular channel.

The Navigation Acts, however, did not stand alone. They were only a part of the general system of trade regulation and trade restriction, which had for its general aim that of creating a self-contained Empire. This idea was, of course, much encouraged by the theory, held by most people in the eighteenth century, and by others besides Mr. Seddon in this, that all imports are paid for in gold and silver, and therefore impoverish the importing nation. An adverse 'balance of trade' was regarded with apprehension, and naturally it was thought good policy to 'keep the money in the country,' which is also the opinion of many persons at the present time. But it is not true that the Mercantile System was maintained solely in the interests of the Mother Country. No doubt the fostering of the great staple home manufactures was an object of which Parliament seldom lost sight; and it was to promote it that all sorts of onerous restrictions were placed upon the trade of the Colonies. The exaggerated regard for British producers and merchants was often combined with a very cavalier treatment of colonial wants and wishes. Still, the commercial legislation of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not, as is sometimes represented, wholly selfish. It was honestly intended to do good to all parties, by encouraging the Colonies to produce the raw material that was required, while leaving to the capitalists and artisans at home the function of working this up into manufactured articles. It was

on this ground that Great Britain fostered the production of pig iron in the American Colonies by a preferential tariff, and prohibited the erection of steel-furnaces and foundries in any part of the 'plantations.' Similarly, it was made illegal to convey from one province to another, by water or by land, woollen goods, and even hats, of American manufacture. England, we are told, 'will not suffer her colonists to work in these more refined manufactures, even for their own consumption, but insists upon their purchasing from her merchants and manufacturers all goods of this kind of which they have occasion for.'¹ The Colonies were supposed to obtain their compensation in having the English market secured to them for their crude products, which were further stimulated by bounties, or by differential duties against foreign importers. 'It was,' says M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, 'an exchange of favours and restrictions.' The English territories in the two hemispheres were regarded as forming a complete whole, made up of two distinct parts; the one able to furnish certain foodstuffs and raw materials, the other specially adapted for manufacturing industries; and it was supposed that the two portions could effectually support and supplement one another, if the people of England obtained their supplies of colonial products exclusively from the English dependencies, while the Colonies on their side obtained all the manufactured articles they required from the Mother Country.²

On this principle the West Indies were prevented from setting up sugar refineries by a prohibitive import duty in England. It was enough for the planters to make their profit out of the raw sugar; the advantages of the more advanced process ought to be left to the English manufacturer. In practice this arrangement worked out much more to the benefit of the protected trader at home, who was on the spot and ready to bring to bear pressure upon Parliament and the Government, than to that of the distant and uninfluential colonial grower. The Colonies were always complaining of the restrictions and limitations imposed upon their industry, and the wisest of their governors protested against these obstacles to economic progress:

'Mighty and destructive,' wrote Sir William Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia, as early as 1671, 'have been the obstructions of our trade and navigation by that severe Act of Parliament which excludes us from having any

¹ Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations*, Book iv. ch. vii.

² P. Leroy-Beaulieu, *De la Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes*, p. 118.

commerce with any nation in Europe but our own. . . . If this were for His Majesty's service, or the good of the subject, we should not repine, whatever were our sufferings, but on my soul it is the contrary for both.'

Nevertheless it was really held, in deference to economic theories as well as out of regard to political necessities, that the system was necessary for the King's service, and for the benefit of both the metropolitan and colonial populations. That there was much historical justification for the rigorous 'national policy' of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must be admitted. Gustav Schmoller, the able German apologist for the Mercantile System, contends that the leading nations were forced to adopt it by their mutual jealousies and aggressiveness. In an age when every great State was determined to employ all its powers to seize upon the wealth and the possessions of its rival, it was necessary for any realm that would maintain itself to be clamped together, with all its outlying parts, by bonds of iron. 'In its innermost kernel' Schmoller says that the Mercantile System is only State-making; and he adds that it 'creates out of the political community an economic community, and so gives it a heightened meaning.'¹ It is also to be remembered that all the other colonising and mercantile States were embarked on a similar policy of developing 'self-contained' empires. The restrictions of the Navigation Laws were mild compared to the absolute monopoly of their colonial trade enforced by the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, and the rigid Protectionism of France under the legislation of Colbert. Englishmen in the eighteenth century were so far unconscious of inflicting any injury on their highly independent kinsmen across the sea, that they, on the contrary, regarded their colonial policy as perhaps erring on the side of excessive benevolence and liberality; and the whole people, with the exception of a quite insignificant minority, were genuinely astonished and disgusted at the colossal ingratitude with which, as they thought, the American colonists repaid the Mother Country for its considerate and indulgent treatment. There were very few who recognised that the discontent

¹ 'The statesmen who put into form their theories gave the economic life of their people its necessary basis of power, and a corresponding impulse to its economic movement, and they furnished the national striving with great aims. At a time when most advanced nations were carrying on the collective struggle for existence with the harshest national egoism, with all the weapons of finance, of legislation, and of force, with Navigation Laws and prohibitive laws, with fleets, and admiralities, with companies, and with a trade under State guidance and discipline, those who would not be hammer would assuredly be anvil.'—Schmoller, *The Mercantile System and its Historical Significance*.

of the colonists was the natural result of the restrictive policy, and of the attempt—for such it really was—to force the economic development of the Empire along an artificial channel. There were, even in the eighteenth century, observers who rejected the scientific validity of the Mercantile Theory, but were prepared to secure its political results by other means. The idea of an Imperial *Zollverein* or Commercial Union is very much older than some of its advocates imagine. It was put forward with much ability by that sagacious student of colonial affairs, Governor Pownall, who as early as 1764 was talking of a great Marine Empire, based on absolute internal freedom of trade and communication, and on legislative federation.¹

Such visions were shattered, for the time at least, by the loss of the American Colonies. With them the mercantile system, in its older rigid form, disappeared. It was succeeded by various preferential arrangements between the Colonies and the Mother Country, which were intended to give each part of the Empire an advantage in the markets of the other. But whereas the older policy had often sacrificed the material interests of the colonists for those of Great Britain, the new system, which lasted roughly from the Peace of 1783, through the reforms of Pitt and Huskisson, to the consummation of Free Trade in 1846 and 1850, aimed at conferring substantial benefits upon the Colonies even at the expense of the Mother Country. The statesmen of this period were not sufficiently instructed by the effects of the American Revolution to grant full rights of self-government to the Colonies. But they were prepared to pay in meal if not in malt. They thought that the Colonists might at any rate be attracted to the Mother Country by the bonds of 'enlightened self-interest,' and that they could be consoled for the absence of complete political liberty by valuable commercial concessions,² and by getting the run of the English market. Sentiment alone, it was urged, was not enough to keep the Colonies 'loyal,' with the example of the United States before their eyes; on the other hand, to give them absolute powers of responsible government was too dangerous. But their industries were to be stimulated by trade

¹ 'A grand marine dominion consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America, united into a one Empire, in a one centre, where the seat of government is.'—Pownall, *The Administration of the Colonies*, p. 164. He seems to have contemplated that, with the growth of the colonial population, the centre of government might eventually be shifted to the other side of the Atlantic.

² Davidson, *Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy*, chap. i.

privileges, and by bounties on some of their leading commodities. The preferential system, which applied mainly to Canada and the West India Islands, was very much on the lines of the proposals that find many advocates at the present time. The colonial food products and raw materials were admitted into the English ports at duties substantially lower than those paid on foreign cargoes. On the other hand, the English manufacturer obtained the command of the colonial market; but this was of little real value, since the continental producers were quite unable to compete with those of Great Britain, and the English manufacturers would therefore, without any preference, have held a practical monopoly in the Colonies. There is, indeed, not much doubt that, during this later period of the colonial system, the Colonies gained much more from the arrangement than the Mother Country; commercially and economically England lost heavily by it. And this goes some way to explain that impatience of the colonial connection which was exhibited by many English Liberals, and not by Liberals alone, during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. This was especially felt after the removal of the political restraints which had been the excuse for the grant of preferential privileges. The burden on the English consumer and taxpayer survived, though the reason for it had disappeared; and many people were inclined to ask whether the Colonies were worth the cost of maintenance, and were not, economically at any rate, 'a millstone round our necks.' Professor Davidson puts the case strongly:

The old notion that a Colony must be of some use to the Mother Country was dying out, and nothing had come to take its place. For the moment the Greek idea of a colony was popular; and when the Colonies were found to be making the continuance of the preferential duties a condition of their loyalty, it was not unnatural that men should ask what advantage the Colonies conferred upon England. . . . The truth of the matter was that the Little Englanders were simply asserting in their extreme way that in any sound colonial policy even a Mother Country had rights. In the eighteenth century England lost her American Colonies because she insisted on taxing them; but there have been times during the present century when it seemed as if the other half of the epigram might be true—that she would lose the remainder of her Colonies because she would not allow them to tax her.¹ . . . A system which makes one part of an Empire suffer to benefit another can never be regarded as an ideal. *The colonial preferences did a great deal to create in England a dislike for the Colonies.*

¹ This idea frequently occurs in the speeches of one so friendly, on the whole, to the colonial connection as Sir William Molesworth. 'This is undoubtedly a great and marvellous Empire, in many respects unparalleled in history, but in no respect more marvellous than with reference to its Colonies. Every other nation has attempted, in some shape or form, to draw tribute from its colonies; but

The sacrifices imposed upon England were not imaginary. It was proved before the Committee on Import Duties in 1840 that the price of sugar had been steadily rising for a quarter of a century, and had reached a point which was prohibitive for the mass of the population. The cheap Brazilian sugars, which could have been placed on the English market at less than half the price of the West Indian crystals, were absolutely excluded by the monopoly given to the planters. Similarly, foreign coffee was burdened by a duty which caused the English housewife to buy the berries at from 80 to 100 per cent. above the price current on the Continent. The loss to the Treasury by the rebate on colonial sugar was estimated at 3,000,000*l.* a year; and in the Report of the Committee it was suggested that the extra expense thrown on the consumer by the colonial preferences must be put at something between 5,000,000*l.* and 8,000,000*l.* a year. The lumber industry of Canada was regarded as the mainstay of that Colony's wealth, and also, on the self-contained Empire principle, as one of the pillars of our maritime supremacy, since it was supposed to render the Navy and the merchant marine independent of foreign supplies. Hence, liberal bounties on Canadian timber and a heavy differential duty against foreign planks and logs. But the import tax defeated its object by its own excess. McCulloch says that it was quite common for vessels to load up with Norwegian deals in one of the Baltic ports, and actually carry their bulky cargo across the Atlantic and back in order that it might be landed as Canadian lumber and so escape the higher tariff. And English shipbuilders complained that their rising industry was trammelled by the additional cost of constructional material imposed upon them for the benefit of a single industry in a single Colony.

It was, however, not so much the grievances of English consumers as international complications, which led to the abandonment of the preferential system. The United States, from the foundation of their national existence, resented their exclusion from an equal share in the British colonial trade. They did not take it 'lying down.' If the sagacious and far-seeing views of Pitt had prevailed, complete Free Trade between the United States and England would have been established, and the history of two continents might have followed a different course. But

England, on the contrary, has paid tribute to her Colonies.'—*Speeches of Sir W. Molesworth*, edited by H. E. Egerton, p. 176.

the great Minister was too far in advance of the ideas of his age. His Ministry went out of office before the Bill he had introduced could be carried, and his successors abandoned the measures and passed a temporary Act giving the Crown power to apply the Navigation Acts against American trade with the plantation Colonies. The Americans immediately began to retaliate. Congress authorised a heavy tonnage duty on foreign-built (meaning British-built) ships, and a differential duty against goods imported in other than American vessels. The contest was carried on for several years, over the more or less suffering body of the West Indian islanders, and culminated in 1817 with an American imitation of our own Navigation Acts. In 1818 this was followed by another Act of Congress prohibiting British vessels from trading between the United States and any British possession of which the ports were closed against American ships; and in 1820 the prohibition was extended to all intercourse between the Republic and any of the British possessions in America and the West Indies. The United States—it is worth while noticing the fact in connection with our present dispute with Germany—declined to admit that preferential duties within the Empire were a mere matter of domestic regulation. Their ‘unheard-of pretension’ was thus described by Huskisson in the House of Commons on March 21, 1825:

They passed a law imposing alien duties in their ports upon all British ships which might trade between those ports and our Colonies, to be levied until the productions of the United States should be admitted into our Colonies upon the same terms and duties as the like productions of any other country; meaning thereby the like productions not of any other foreign country, but of our own country or of our own provinces in North America.¹

The Americans might have replied that in treating our Colonies as ‘foreign’ countries they were only responding in kind to the British Order in Council of 1785, which, for the purposes of the Navigation Acts, regarded the various States of the American Union as separate countries of origin. The dispute was not really compromised till 1830, when the American Navigation Act was modified, and an Order in Council permitted United States ships to import American produce into British possessions abroad, and to export goods from those possessions to any foreign country whatever.

¹ I am indebted for this apposite quotation to an article by that well-informed writer ‘Diplomaticus,’ in the *Westminster Gazette*, July 7, 1903.

Meanwhile Huskisson had come to the Colonial Office, full of the ideas of Pitt's earlier period ; and he took advantage of the change introduced into the situation by the assertive policy of the United States in order to modify the old colonial system still further. By the Acts of 1825 and 1826 foreign nations generally were allowed to take part in the trade of the British dependencies, and the Colonies themselves were permitted to buy and sell abroad. But though England abandoned her monopoly, the Colonies kept their preferences in the home market, and they naturally regarded Huskisson's legislation with satisfaction.

It was otherwise, however, when the preferences themselves were swept away, especially as this was accomplished with inconsiderate rapidity in the paroxysm of our Free Trade enthusiasm, in the 'forties and early 'fifties. The differential duties had no doubt become a burden upon British consumers and manufacturers. But by the bounties and the rebates on their goods in the English markets, the Colonies had built up their industries, and carried some of them to an artificial and inflated prosperity. With the repeal of the duties, these industries, so long jealously nursed behind the shelter of close Protection, were badly hit, and there was great distress and angry discontent in the North American Colonies and the West Indies. Wild language was heard and there was even talk of secession and revolt. It may be urged that the Colonies would really have done better without the preferential tariffs and bounties, and that in the end they gained by their abolition. The excessive stimulus given to certain favoured industries in the Colonies really retarded the general development of those new countries. Lumbering, for instance, was so substantially encouraged in Canada that agriculture was neglected. If the system had continued to the present time, the Colonies would have been dependent almost entirely upon a restricted number of raw materials or natural products, such as timber and hemp in North America, wool in Australia, and sugar in the West Indies. This would certainly not fall in with the later ideal of the colonial populations, who desire to promote the development of all branches of their national activity. So far from being content to tie themselves to one or two staple commodities, the colonists have taken a great deal of trouble, and endured considerable sacrifices, to create manufactures for which their soil and geographical situation offer comparatively few facilities. Under the preferential arrangement, by which their economic

relations to the Mother Country would have been that of Dorset to Lancashire, these infant industries could scarcely have struggled into adolescence.

But though the change may have turned out to the ultimate advantage of the Colonies, they may be excused for resenting the harsh and precipitate fashion in which it was brought about. They saw their financial stability threatened, much of their capital destroyed, their labouring classes condemned to severe distress, and some of their industries, which would scarcely have existed but for British fiscal legislation, involved in ruin; and all this to suit the interests of the English manufacturers and artisans. Protection, like the wearing of too much warm clothing, may enfeeble the constitution; but it is not considered judicious to strip off heavy garments, that have been worn for a lifetime, and suddenly expose the body to all the rigours of a winter blast. The colonists felt that they had been ruthlessly sacrificed to English greed and selfishness, and for a time they almost wavered in their allegiance. A good deal of the dislike with which 'Downing Street' came to be regarded was due to the feeling that British statesmen had treated the Colonies, during the Free Trade crisis, with callous neglect. The colonists responded with an equal disregard of British convenience and predilections, by protecting vigorously against the producers of the Mother Country as soon as they were allowed complete fiscal liberty. Colonial Protection is the fruit, partly of the old preferential system, partly of the manner in which that system was abolished.

It was the opinion of two such convinced Imperialists as Disraeli and Rhodes that the sudden transition from close regulation to careless and improvident *laissez aller* was a grave error in policy. Rhodes thought that when responsible government was granted to the Colonies, provision should have been made against excessive duties on British imports. Lord Beaconsfield's words in 1872 are well known:

Self-government ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of unappropriated lands . . . and by a military code, which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which if necessary this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves.

The wisdom of this proposition will hardly be questioned. If this spirit had prevailed in the management of colonial affairs

a quarter of a century earlier, the ideals of those who support Political and Commercial Federation might be much nearer realisation than they seem at present. The opportunity was missed, and unhappily the lost chances of history seldom recur. The problem has assumed a different shape since Mr. Disraeli uttered the sentences just quoted, and a very different shape indeed from that which it might have presented during the period when Lord Blachford was at the Colonial Office. The prospect, which Lord Elgin justly called 'captivating,' of 'forming all the parts of this vast British Empire into one huge *Zollverein*, with free interchange of commodities and uniform duties against the world without,' is denied us by the fiscal conditions under which the colonial populations have decided to live. It is certain that the Colonies are not prepared to abandon the protection of their own industries, or to desist from raising the greater part of their revenue by taxing imported commodities. We could not, even if it were thought desirable to do so, go back to the older Mercantile System, which to a considerable extent recognised the principle of Imperial unity for purposes of trade regulation. It remains to be seen whether any feasible method can be suggested for recurring to the preferential tariff arrangements of the early nineteenth century, without either sacrificing the material interests of the Mother Country or derogating from the administrative independence of the Colonies. The preferences were, as I have endeavoured to show, regarded as a set-off to the denial of full political rights. But any preferential arrangement must now take the form of a series of commercial treaties between autonomous allied States. Whether a commercial understanding so constructed can be kept free from the old difficulties and economic inequalities is a problem which our statesmanship may find it easier to propound than to resolve.

SIDNEY LOW.

'RACHEL'

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

'THEY are so dreadfully far away,' she murmured plaintively—
'ever so much further away than they used to be.'

Her words—the expression of a thought which almost without her volition had framed itself in speech—fell upon the heavy quiet of the verandah softly as a sigh.

The man in the long canechair at her side started, dropped the book which he had been reading upon his knee, keeping a finger on the page to mark his place, and gazed at her vaguely through absorbed, half seeing-eyes under a knitted brow. He was trying, with obvious effort, to make the words which had filtered into his ears stamp some actual impression upon a brain deeply engaged in other things. His was a gnarled and rugged face, furrowed by hard lines such as care, responsibility, and thought are wont to trace. During the slight pause which supervened before he spoke the world without, under the luminous darkness of the tropic night, seemed to pant through the hot, still, scent-laden air, as though spent with travail. The insistent notes of insects were blent in a rumour of sound, faint yet restless. Somewhere in the distance savage drums pulsed and throbbed.

'Who is further from what?' he asked.

'Oh, nothing, dear,' said the woman with a half-sigh. 'I didn't mean to interrupt you. I was only thinking aloud.'

'But what was it you said?' he insisted.

'Oh, nothing, nothing. I was only being stupid.'

'I wish you would tell me,' he urged, laying the book aside with a reluctance which his masculine clumsiness had not the wit to conceal. 'I want to know.'

'I was only saying what I have said a thousand times—that they are so dreadfully far away; that they are so much further off than they used to be.'

'The children?' he queried, and his voice fell at the word.

'The children,' she assented with a sort of yearning tenderness,

her hands knotted about her knee, her eyes gazing out unseeingly into the darkness of the night.

There was again a slight pause before he spoke, and a little puff of exhausted breeze, hot and empty to the lungs as the draught from a furnace, brought the thrumming of the drums nearer for an instant, the savage rhythm rising in menacing clamour to sink again into a far-away pulse-beat.

'I don't understand,' he said. 'They have always been at the other end of the earth.' In his voice there was the bitterness of pain.

'It isn't the distance,' she said. 'It is that they are *growing* away from us. They aren't now the children we parted from three years ago. We don't even know what they are like.'

The man winced.

'I wish you would go Home, darling,' he said. 'I should get on all right, and—and I should see them through your eyes.'

'Yes, and you would work twelve hours a day, and read all meal-time, or forget that there is such a thing as food, and the servants would maltreat you, and you would never notice it, and then you would get ill, and—— Oh, it is all impossible! Don't ask me to leave you. I can't do it. Anything is better than that.'

She rose from her chair, walked to his side, seated herself upon a stool, and rested her head against his knee, holding his strong, sensitive hands in her soft fingers.

'God bless you, sweetheart,' he said gruffly. 'I'm not worth it all, and—— Oh, you ought to go Home! I wish you would go Home!'

He had an inconsequent feeling that if she and the little ones were together in the pleasant English country, while he remained out there in the sun-glare to toil for them, all the pain, all the burden, would be his alone. Endurance would be easy, he thought, if he could take the whole suffering upon himself—if he could be spared the sight of her agony, of all that she bore so bravely, so uncomplainingly, so patiently. He could never quite realise that to her separation from the children, bad as it was, would be outweighed by that other pain which would be caused by separation from him.

'You always say that,' she said now, almost indignantly. 'You make it impossible for me to speak to you about the children because, whenever I mention them, you cry out that I ought to go Home—that I ought to leave you.'

'Oh, it is all such a mess!' he exclaimed fiercely. 'A man who is doomed to exile in the East—exile for all his days—has no right to ask any girl to share his life with him! What a monstrous selfishness it is! What a coxcomb a man must be who imagines even for a moment that his love—his *love*!—can compensate for all the sacrifice, all the pain, all the . . . Oh, it's incredible, incredible!'

'And yet it does,' she said softly; and the pressure on his fingers tightened.

'It doesn't: it can't! A man has his work, the work that claims him body and soul, the work which is the best anæsthetic of all. A woman has nothing—only empty days—such long, cruel hours in which to think and think—empty days and such woefully empty arms.'

'Don't,' she whispered. 'It is just as bad for you as for me;' and her voice was caught with sobs.

Long they sat there, with the wilderness of the East lying around them, filled with sounds incomprehensible, mysterious, vaguely inimical, with the little drawing-room behind them gay with the prettinesses of dainty feminine contrivance, striking by contrast to its environment such a pathetic note in the very futility of the effort to create the illusion that exile is home for which it stood. Long the man petted, soothed, tried to comfort her, mocking himself grimly in his heart the while, because he knew that sorrow such as theirs is impossible of alleviation, while she sought bravely to cheat him and herself into a faith in a non-existent happiness.

'When is your birthday?' he asked inconsequently, when at last they rose up and turned towards their bedroom.

'On the 15th of March—the month after next,' she said. 'But what has that got to do with it?'

'Nothing, darling,' he replied. 'I was only wondering. Shall I ring for the boys to shut up the house?'

II.

'MANY happy returns of the day, sweetheart,' he said, coming into her bedroom, bearing in his arms a loaded tray. 'See, I have brought you your *chota hazri* myself.'

'Oh, and what is this parcel? How "aciting"! as the children

used to say. Give me your knife; I want to undo the string at once.'

'Oh, no. Take your tea first. The parcel will keep.'

'It will do nothing of the sort. Give me your knife at once. Oh, you darling! What a lovely silver bowl! Real old workmanship. Why, it must have cost a mint, you extravagant boy.'

He stooped to take the kiss she offered him in thanks, and then turned away rather shamefacedly.

'Look inside it,' he said gruffly.

She twisted off the lid, and found a folded piece of paper covered with his fine handwriting, and this is what she read:—

HOME.

TO MY OWN DARLING ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Cold and fog and a leaden sky
O'er pavements drizzle-damped;
The clatter of footsteps passing by,
The coster's yell and the street-boy's cry,
The roadway packed and cramped,
The newsboys bawling the lists of the dead,—
'Tis a mightier, drearier, dingier Rome,
That wonderful land where we twain were wed,
—The land called Home.

A nursery lit by the merriest sun,
For two little sunbeams are there;
A nursery ringing with laughter and fun,
And the last, last romp that will never be done,
And the pranks of an impish pair.
Here's General Buller astride of a stick,
O'er the hearth-rug the cavalry speed—
Turn away, dear Love, for the heart grows sick.
To us that were Home indeed.

Green-clad slopes, where the thatched huts cling;
A sea that is smooth as glass;
Forest on forest, where no birds sing
As they sing at Home in the English spring,
When the dew is fresh on the grass.
Merciless sunshine, pitiless glare
Rack the land which we still must roam,
But with thee at hand my days to share
Exile itself is Home.

A little sob from the bed caused him to turn about sharply upon his heel. Her face was pressed against the pillow; her shoulders rose and fell; she was weeping very bitterly, very

quietly. In an instant he was at her side, his arms about her, his kisses upon her hair, while he cried out against himself in fierce reproach for a dolt and a fool.

'Don't cry, darling,' he whispered. 'I would not make you cry for worlds. I meant it to please you. What a stupid brute I am, thrusting my great clumsy finger into the open wound!'

'It isn't that—it isn't that!' she protested, looking up at him through her tears. 'I love them—they are beautiful. It is because they are so beautiful that they make me cry!'

Loving women, mercifully for the men whose verses are turned to pleasure them, are not exacting critics of the literary value of such offerings.

'I love them,' she said again, though a sob still lingered; and she kissed them.

Sitting there on the sheets, which, bare of bed-clothes, held no suggestion of the cosy repose of temperate climates, dressed in her white night-gown, with her little bare feet drawn up under her, and gazing up at him through wide eyes on which the dew of tears still rested, she seemed to him such a child, such a poor little thing, such a pathetic and pitiful little creature to be called upon by Fate to endure so much. As he looked at her there was a hard something in his own throat, and his face worked.

'I love them—love them,' she repeated. 'Only they are . . . too sad. And besides I . . . I . . . They show me so plainly how very far the chicks have drifted from us. We haven't seen them since the end of '99. Three whole years ago! They were babies then: they will never . . . be . . . be babies any more. Now . . . now they are strangers to us both. They don't play like that . . . like babies . . . like they used to play . . . any . . . any more!' And again the sobs shook her.

He had not thought of that. When he had tried to draw for her in words a picture of the nursery—their nursery—as it had been when last he had looked upon it, it had not occurred to him that three years—so long a time in the life of a child—had come and gone since then, and had wrought changes there, as elsewhere—nay, had altered the scene his memory cherished out of all recognition. He saw it all now, had always seen it, as it had been then—the two mites, blissfully unconscious of what was befalling them, wild with excitement at the prospect of seeing the baggage piled on to the roofs of the cabs, their shouts of pleasure stabbing deep at the heart of the mother who stood

watching them with those yearning, stricken eyes! And that scene had vanished for ever! It was three whole years ago! The boy was at a preparatory school by this time. No more playing at General Buller astride on a walking-stick for him! A true realisation of the fact came to him suddenly, smote him shrewdly, and the lump in his throat grew harder. He had known that there must be change, of course—that he and she were missing precious years of baby-life that could never be recalled; but the full meaning, the full pathos of it all had never struck him as it did now. It came in some sort as a revelation to him, that change. Yet she had been watching it daily, hourly—watching it, in imagination, transforming, working cruel havoc upon her darlings; for she—poor soul!—had been thinking, thinking, while he had been deep in affairs, numbed and blinded by the work which was to him as the breath of his nostrils. The lump rose more rebelliously than ever.

'But my real birthday-present is yet to come,' he said presently, anxious to divert her thoughts and his own from that which the fatal verses had awakened. 'I have kept it a secret all this time because I wanted it to come as a surprise; and if that infernal French mail had not been late again, it would have been here the day before yesterday. Guess what it is.'

'No, tell me. I'm not good at guessing.' She feared to ask whether the unknown gift was the thing for which above everything she longed, lest she should be disappointed, and so be the cause of disappointment to him.

'Well, then, I'll tell you. I wrote to Catherine two months ago and sent her money to have the children photographed by some first-class man.'

Catherine was his maiden sister, a woman some years his senior, in whose conscientious, but unsympathetic care the children had been left. She was no child-lover—indeed, she was singularly free from all such tender weaknesses—but she prided herself upon her sense of duty, and regarded her charges as a cross laid upon her for her sins.

'Oh, you darling! That is the one thing I have been simply *pining* for, and I didn't like to ask for it because of the dreadful expense.'

'But that isn't all. I sent enough for Catherine to get miniatures painted from them, and the whole thing ought to have been here a couple of days ago. Isn't it bad luck that the mail is late?'

She didn't answer this time, but clung to him with her face buried on his breast, though now there was no bitterness in her tears.

'And how shall I manage to live until the mail comes in?' she said presently as she began to dress.

III.

THROUGH the heavy stillness of the noontide a gun boomed out, and at the sound her heart stood still, then bounded on again, racing with a joy that yet had in it the pain of intensified expectation.

'The mail at last!' she cried; then flung herself upon her knees, and thanked God for His goodness to her.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and she was roaming up and down her bungalow with a sort of fierce unrest, as caged creatures prowled for ever in their narrow prisons. With a clatter of hoofs her husband rode up on his pony.

'I have shirked shamelessly,' he said with a laugh. 'I don't often play truant, but I just had to be here with you when the mail arrived. They are sorting the letters now. They will be up in a minute.'

'Thank God!' she said faintly, for her excitement made her weak; but still the words were a prayer.

They sat down in two chairs upon the verandah, and each took up a book and made believe to read. Outside the sun beat down upon a panting world, in which all living things cowered hidden from its anger, while the leaves and the palm-fronds stiffened and lifted beneath the parching rays. The thin, exhausted air hung above the earth, pressing upon it, stifling it. There came no sound to break the painful silence, save the slow ticking of a clock and now and again the dry rustle of soil, which, crumbling in the heat, detached itself from a bank in the garden and slid downward. The moments—long drawn out by the intensity of suspense—crawled with merciless deliberation. Every few seconds he or she looked up from the pages which held for them no meaning, and cast anxious glances at the clock-face, where the minute-hand appeared to be stationary. It seemed to them that the longed-for time would never come which should bring them the mail-bag for which they looked. Every succeeding mail-day they endured something of this agony of anticipation; but to-day

the pain of waiting was keener, more difficult of endurance than ever before.

At last the sound of bare feet sauntering up the gravel path without came to their listening ears. The man jumped to his feet, walked hastily to the edge of the verandah, and something like a shout of joy went up from him as he saw the orderly, mail-bag on shoulder, coming with irritating slowness up the approach to the house. Immediately with clamorous execrations his indolence was goaded into an indifferent energy, an indolent speed. Rachel pressed both her hands to her heart. She felt physically faint, now that the supreme moment had come.

The man plunged headlong down the stairs and reappeared a moment later, his face flushed with excitement, the mail-bag swinging triumphantly in his grasp.

'You must open it, sweetheart,' he almost panted. 'Here's the best birthday-present of all!'

She took the bag with eager, trembling fingers, thrust her arm elbow-deep into it, with the light of a great joy in her eyes. For a moment or two she rummaged among its contents, and the expression of her face changed rapidly from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to a kind of terror, to dismay, to utter blank despair. She looked up at her husband through eyes that were pitiful to see, so sad and full of pain they were.

'They are not here,' she said in a strained whisper.

'They must be,' he said savagely, taking the bag from her with a roughness which was almost a snatch. The colour of a moment earlier had left his cheeks: the lines upon his face were deep and hard of a sudden, as though they had been chiselled in stone. With feverish haste he tipped the contents of the bag out on to the floor. There fell forth a number of newspapers, one or two magazines, some books, and a slender bundle of letters, with English stamps and post-marks, tied with a piece of twine—but there was nothing that could contain either photographs or miniatures.

With a bitter curse he threw himself into a chair. His wife sat rigid, with clasped hands. No word escaped her. The pain of her disappointment, intensified by the keen anticipation which had preceded it, numbed, while it stabbed her to the heart. She shed no tear, made no complaint, uttered no blasphemy such as her husband had used, even in her heart. Only she sat very still, and endured this bitter blow with a conscious, resistant effort.

After a pause the man rose to his feet with something that was more groan than sigh, and began listlessly to examine the bundle of letters.

'Here is one from Catherine,' he said sulkily. 'Perhaps it will explain. Umph,' as he opened it, 'only a page. I wish she would tell us more about them. Catherine never could write a letter.'

'Read it,' said his wife.

'My dear Martin [he began obediently].—We have been having a deplorably wet winter, and I am sure that you and Rachel are to be congratulated upon being able to live in a more congenial climate. ['Damn the climate!' he interjected.] As I think I told you in my last, the rain obliged me to keep William ['Oh, I *wish* she wouldn't call my little Boysie "William"!'] murmured Rachel in plaintive protest—to keep William indoors during the greater part of his vacation—an arrangement which did not conduce to his amusement or to the comfort of myself and my household. William has now returned to school, where no doubt he will benefit from masculine control and discipline. I fear that William is of a somewhat turbulent disposition, and his persistent neglect to wipe his shoes and to shut doors after him shows less consideration for others than I should wish to see. ['Poor mite! He is only nine!'] protested Rachel.] Mary Anne ['She shan't call my Maisie "Mary Anne"!'] cried Rachel. 'You know what she is,' growled her husband. 'Catherine hates what she calls "corruptions of proper names." You can't make her different at her time of life.' 'Go on,' said Rachel with a sigh—Mary Anne, I am glad to say, is developing many estimable qualities. Her disposition is sedate and naturally ladylike. I trust that she will grow up to be a comfort and a support to Rachel. Tell the latter that, though it is natural and proper that she should desire to have her children with her, she is spared by circumstances many anxieties and trials as well as responsibilities which I find to be inseparable from the care of children. She should remember this when she is inclined, as I gather from your letters is occasionally the case, to be discontented.

'I shall have to be in London lodgings from the middle of April until the end of the May meetings this year, and this will prevent me from taking in William for the Easter Vacation. I have therefore arranged for the dear boy to remain at school, where he will no doubt be quite happy. Mary Anne I am sending for these few weeks to my old maid-servant Thatcher ['That horrible old Gorgon!'] cried Rachel in horrified protest], who, you may remember, married Mr. Bently, a farmer at Uxmore, a man of high principle and conduct. Mary Anne's character gives me confidence that she will not take any harm from a temporary association with people of an inferior class, the more so since Mr. Bently is a churchwarden, and both he and his wife are very austere religious. I trust that these arrangements will meet with your approval.

'Give my love to Rachel, and hoping that you continue to enjoy good health,

'Believe me your affectionate sister,

'CATHERINE ALLISTER.'

'And not a word about the photographs!' cried Rachel.

'Wait; here's a postscript.'

'P.S.—I have noted your wish that the children should be photographed, and I hope that an opportunity may occur during the Summer Vacation. These

holidays the inclemency of the weather, which greatly affected my movements owing to my susceptibility to influenza, made it quite out of the question that I should attend to the matter at once. The delay, however, will be trifling, and it is possible that the children may themselves have improved in appearance by that time. I shall not have Mary Anne done by herself, as it will be less trouble to get them both taken at the same time, and it will be cheaper if you have them photographed together. As for the miniatures, you will, if guided by me, abandon the idea. Even my natural affection cannot blind me to the fact that they are not pretty, even as the standard of childish prettiness is judged—a by no means exacting standard; and it appears to me that a miniature, to be worth the money paid for it—some 5*l.* 5*s.* each—should at least be an ornament to your drawing-room. However, you will have ample time in which to acquaint me by letter with your wishes upon this point; and if you insist, the miniatures shall of course be painted.—C. A.'

The man threw the letter on to the ground and swore again.

'Six whole months before we can hope to get them,' sighed Rachel. 'Six whole months! What a weary time!'

Once more her husband swore, deeply, gruffly, with emphasis and meaning.

'And my poor little Boysie left at school for his holidays! And my little girl put out to board with an abominable Low Church couple who will restrain her and repress her and do their best to make her stiff and artificial and . . . and "lady-like"! Oh, my poor little motherless bairns! My poor little motherless babies!' And she buried her face in her hands, though still the relief of tears was denied to her.

'And there is not a single word in the whole letter which tells us what we most want to know,' said the man savagely. 'Not a line that gives us a *picture* of the chickies as they are, which shows us what they are developing into.' He realised now with a certain bitterness that it was due to Catherine's limitations, as well as his own, that the fact that his children were changing had come upon him suddenly as a surprise, a shock. Why could not the woman have enough imagination to understand what sort of things the hungering father and mother most desired to hear? Why were her letters so unsympathetic, so tactless, so empty? He was filled with a strong resentment against his sister, to whom Fate had given the precious charge of his little ones—that which would have been such a blessing to poor Rachel, that which to her was only a burden.

'There is not a thing in the whole screed that tells us a word of the children—really,' he repeated.

'Except Boysie's dirty boots and unshut doors, poor little duck!' said Rachel with a wan smile.

For a space there was silence: then the man spoke again.

'All this seems to me to point to something,' he said grimly. 'What do you think?'

'Don't!' said his wife sharply. She gave a little shudder, and in her eyes was a look which was all dismay. Suddenly a foreknowledge had come to her of that which the future must hold for her and for him.

'It is as plain as a pikestaff,' he said gloomily. 'You must go Home. They are older now, and need you even more than I do. They are no longer babies. Don't interrupt,' he added quickly, as she made as though she would speak. 'We won't talk of it now. I must get back to my grindstone, you to your thinking. It seems to me that the right path—the path before us—is marked out all too clearly, and that we must take it, be it never so hard to tread.'

He stooped and kissed her lips with a tenderness that had in it something new, something more clinging, more claiming than ordinary.

'God guide and help you, wife!' he said.

IV.

It was mail-day once more in the little bungalow—a mail-day which saw the arrival of an in-coming, the departure of an out-going mail, and which also chanced to fall upon a Sunday. Time, some eighteen leaden-footed months, had passed, and on the man's surroundings its ravages had been aided by neglect and by the absence of the inspiring feminine genius of the house. The cretonnes and draperies of the drawing-room were just as Rachel had left them, but their colour had faded, their freshness was gone, and dust had gathered deeply where of old no speck had been suffered to remain. The litter of books and papers on tables, chairs, and floors; the disorderly disarray of the furniture, each article left standing at the angle at which it had happened to be thrust aside; an empty glass which had been used on the preceding evening, and which had not been cleared away; ash-trays over-full, vases without flowers—these and a hundred other things betrayed the untidy bachelor household which had been evolved gradually from the ruins of Rachel's dainty little domain—that

most cheerless, most pathetic of all dreary masculine establishments, the home of the married solitary in the East.

Martin Allister sat at his writing-table in a corner of the verandah, like Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage. His only garments were a pair of flannel trousers, yellow and shrunk with age and from the hard usage which they had received at the hands of the station *dhobi*, and a torn silk singlet, from the front of which more than one button was missing. His bare feet were thrust into slippers; he held an extinguished pipe between his teeth; and upon his chin there was a stubble of beard some three days old. He looked as unkempt, as uncared-for as the comfortless house in which he lived. 'Woefully gone to seed' would have been the verdict passed upon him by the least critical of observers.

Yet to-day he had as nearly touched happiness as now was possible to him, since the home mail, for the coming of which alone he lived from week to week, had arrived that morning some hours earlier than had been anticipated, and had brought him the usual priceless budget from Rachel. He was reading it through now for the third time, finding in the words of the one soul who loved him, was in complete sympathy with him, and to whom that love and sympathy gave a wonderful understanding and insight, exactly that which he most desired to know concerning his children, a series of living pictures of them as they now were. Yet of Rachel herself, who was so infinitely more dear to him than her little ones, the letter afforded no equally illuminating glimpse. The children stood out from the pages vivid, alive, distinct. He seemed to know them now as he had never known them before, to picture their actions, to understand their characters, to rejoice with them in their pleasures, feel for and with them in their childish griefs, to glory in their impish naughtinesses, and to lament over their occasional punishments. But throughout the figure of his wife eluded him. She wrote with strong self-repression, fearing doubtless to add to the burden of his sorrows by dwelling upon those which she was called upon to endure. There was a false air of cheerfulness in every line, a gallant striving to appear light-hearted, which, while it was powerless to deceive him, created an impression of unreality, plunged him in a haze of doubt and of conjecture, wherein the figure of the wife whom he had known became shadowy or was lost. She had been used to deal with him so frankly, to show him all that was

in her heart : now he was conscious that she kept her deepest feelings closely hidden from him, lest a revelation of them should increase his pain.

'God help us!' he said half aloud, as he laid the letter aside and sat motionless, sunken deep in thought. 'We are drifting, drifting apart. I can see the chickies through her eyes. She has brought *them* nearer to me than ever before, but . . . I am losing *her*. Loss and gain—loss and gain; and the loss is ever the greater. God help us both!'

He fell to thinking ruefully of the time, which now seemed so long ago, the golden time when for a little space Rachel and her children had been with him in the house in which he now lived in such bitter loneliness and exile. He opened his desk and drew from it some verses which he had scribbled on the previous evening :

THE HOUSE TOO FULLY TENANTED.

'The house is empty!'—thus they speak
Who pity one that sits alone,
And worships at an altar-stone
All cold, where now he may not seek
The dear idols that have flown.
They cannot know how loud to me
The silence speaks of thine and thee!

If they spake truly I could bear
The pall of silence that is cast
Athwart this casket of the Past,
And shrouds dead days that were so fair—
'Those happy days too dear to last!
But this sad house is filled for me
With flitting wraiths of thine and thee!

Still voices sound from dawn to night,
And then till day-break tints the sky;—
A little groping baby cry,
And childish laughter that made bright
The heart that heard. But now I sigh
And bid them cease: for, dear, to me
Too loud they speak of thine and thee!

Without the door there comes the sound
Of pattering steps and tiny feet,
And thinking now at last to meet
The babes I love, I turn me round . . .
No soul there moves! My senses cheat
With hopes all vain. Old use, ah me,
Fills empty space with thine and thee!

But more than all *thy* face is near—
The sweet, dear eyes whereout there springs
The soul that upward soars and sings,
So that I marvel it can bear
To stoop to me and common things.
In pain or grief, where'er I be,
Thy love upholds and comforts me.

Yes, though to-day the thought is pain
Of those who are so far away,
Our ten years' ghosts I would not lay,
Nor have my lone life back again.
All pain were nought if, as I pray,
My God will yet vouchsafe to me
One hour of life with thine and thee !

He read the verses through slowly, sucking at his empty pipe the while, and for all their roughness it seemed to him that they told the story of the feelings that possessed him better than he could ever tell it by letter and in prose. And then the memory came to him of certain other verses which he had written for Rachel, and of the sob from the bed which had brought him to her side full of passionate sympathy and self-reproach.

'They would only make her unhappy,' he thought. 'They would do no good, bring her no comfort ; for she knows how I love her, without fresh telling. Besides, I should not be at hand to dry the tears this time.'

He tore the paper into tiny shreds, threw them into the waste-paper basket, and, lighting his pipe, set himself down squarely to write the concluding paragraphs of his weekly journal to his wife—one of those letters which always made her laugh as she read them, and left her so sad and so unsatisfied.

'I must do nothing to make it worse for her' was the thought in his mind.

V.

At the window of her cottage, overlooking the bay at Lyme Regis, Rachel Allister sat musing, a letter in her hand, her eyes looking out unseeingly, her heart and her thoughts far away in distant Asia. Below her, bathing-tents were pitched upon the narrow belt of sands, where her boy and girl were digging with shouts and laughter. To her right the grey Cobb curled out from the land, slim and sinuous, like a gorged snake ; to her left rose the cliffs, white and yellow and red, crowned with the bright

greens of the rolling downs. The summer-morning sunshine beat full upon the scene, lending a gay fresh colour to all things, dyeing the gently heaving sea to a brilliant blueness, and just touching the white sails of a solitary sailing-ship loafing down to Portland. Men and women lolled upon the benches on the primitive esplanade; the waves were dotted with the figures of bathers; the sands were crowded with nurses and children; and here and there small knots of indolent Lyme Regis fisher-folk stood about, waiting with the patience of a Micawber for the something to turn up whose arrival they did their feeble utmost to retard.

But Rachel saw none of these things. Instead, before her mind's eye there floated the picture of the station whence had come the letter she held between her fingers. Again she breathed the stifling thin air; again the merciless sun-glare smote the earth and parched it; again she saw the little bungalow clinging to the hill-side, the dense foliage, the colourless sea spreading away to a horizon misty with heat, and a lonely man eating his heart out in solitude in the midst of all this luxuriant beauty.

She glanced at the letter in her hand, and her eye caught a jesting phrase. A smile formed slowly on her sad face, then died out quickly as she gave a tiny wince, and heaved a sigh.

'I wish he wouldn't,' she thought. 'He can't feel like that: it doesn't ring true a bit. He puts it on to blind me, to hide what he is suffering, and yet it doesn't deceive me—it only hurts. I know what he must be going through, poor Martin; yet no one could guess it all from his letters, and it makes him feel so much further away—so much further away.'

She rested her chin upon her hand, and on the eyes, which still peered into the unknowable, there gathered the film of tears.

Rachel, with her children close at hand, still was weeping for her child—the one to her most precious, most sorely in need of her mothering—and refused to be comforted because he was not.

SOME RECENT SPECULATIONS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER

In the days of Ptolemy Euergetes (about 247-222 B.C.), a great geographer, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, busied himself with an attempt to measure the biggest thing he knew, viz. the Earth. Centuries have piled themselves on centuries since then, all but a few fragments of the works of Eratosthenes have perished, and still 'Science is Measurement.' Only, to-day our measurements cover a wider field, and besides weighing and measuring the earth, we seek to learn the dimensions of the minute 'atoms' of which worlds are built up.

Nor does modern Science stop even here. For after revolutionising our ideas about the relations of the atoms in chemical compounds, Physicists have gone on to deny the indivisibility of these atoms, and to-day they ask us to believe that particles far smaller than hydrogen atoms exist, which also must be measured.

Are the atoms of the chemical elements indivisible? Are they the ultimate, the eternal particles of matter? This is the question which the physicist has sprung upon us.

I am going to try to tell, in non-technical language, something about the astonishing researches and speculations that have brought us again face to face with this fundamental question, and compelled us to re-open discussions which some have been disposed to regard as definitely closed, at any rate for the present. Those who would dig deeper than I may go into these big matters will find help in a discourse on 'The Existence of Bodies smaller than Atoms' delivered before the Royal Institution by Professor J. J. Thomson on April 19th, 1901, and in Sir Oliver Lodge's address on 'Electrons,' which may be found in the proceedings of the Institution of Electrical Engineers for 1903. And, as regards the latter part of this article, in Professor Rutherford's contributions to recent numbers of the 'Philosophical Magazine.'

When Eratosthenes set out to measure the dimensions of the earth he adopted the doctrine, which, by that time, was pretty generally accepted by astronomers, that the world is a globe. And the value of the results deduced from his measurements depends upon the truth of that doctrine. Similarly, the Chemist of to-day

assumes the truth of the theory which tells us that all matter is made up of extremely minute indivisible particles, called atoms, and that these atoms combine together in various numbers to form larger particles, called molecules, of the multitude of elements and compounds with which he is acquainted. If this hypothesis be wrong, if the atoms of the chemist be not indivisible, then all that depends upon it falls to the ground. Hence the importance of the question raised by the most recent revelations of Physical Science.

It would needlessly complicate matters were I to attempt to tell how the molecular-atomic hypothesis has come to occupy its present position. I must, therefore, ask my readers to accept the statement that chemistry has taught that each of the eighty Chemical elements exists in these minute atoms; and that until lately we had no reason to believe that any one of these atoms had ever been subdivided or broken in any laboratory experiment, or indeed in any terrestrial event that we are acquainted with; that so far as we could tell, and for all practical purposes, atoms were uncreatable, indestructible, to be brief, eternal.

For more than half a century the majority of chemists and physicists have accepted this conception of the constitution of matter as a working hypothesis which was not contradicted by any well established fact. And so strong has been the position of these atoms and molecules that Loschmidt, Johnstone Stoney, and Lord Kelvin have taken the trouble to calculate their approximate sizes and masses.¹ Their results show that in the case of gases, 20,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules only occupy one cubic centimetre, at 0° C. and the average barometric pressure. When I say that an average thimble will hold three cubic centimetres, and that in the case of hydrogen these 20,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules, each containing two atoms, only weigh about the one ten-thousandth part of a gram, that is about the one seven-hundredth part of a grain, some idea will be gained of their extreme minuteness. And yet as the results of the work of the last twenty years or so physicists have come to the conclusion that in the Crookes's vacuum tube, and elsewhere, we have to reckon with far smaller bodies than these almost inconceivably minute chemical atoms. These latter bodies are called 'electrons.'

The term Electron was originally applied to a particular

¹ These were calculated by methods which involved the making of certain assumptions.

quantity of electricity. When an electric current is passed into an aqueous solution of a mineral acid by means of two metallic plates or electrodes, the constituents of the acid part company and move to the two electrodes; atoms of hydrogen going to one electrode, the cathode, and the other constituents of the acid, according to its nature, to the other electrode, which is called the anode. But further, each atom of hydrogen which goes to the cathode carries with it a positive charge of electricity, and similarly the other constituents carry to the anode an equal amount of electricity of the opposite kind.

Now the quantity of electricity carried to the cathode by each gram of hydrogen is found to be the same in every experiment, no matter what acid we may decompose. And from what was said above it will be seen that, subject to the truth of certain assumptions, the approximate mass of an atom of hydrogen is also known. Hence the approximate charge carried by each atom of hydrogen can be calculated.

Now if it be true that electricity requires matter to carry it, and that hydrogen atoms are the smallest particles of matter and indivisible, it follows that we cannot have a smaller quantity of electricity than that carried by an atom of hydrogen. That is to say, the quantity of electricity carried by an atom of hydrogen cannot be divided.

This indivisible quantity of electricity has been called 'an atom of electricity.' And Dr. Johnstone Stoney proposed for it the term 'electron.'

Those who read a former article on 'The New Chemistry' will remember that charged atoms are called ions. So that chemists and physicists now have to deal with atoms, the indivisible particles of the elements; electrons, the indivisible quantities of electricity; and ions, which are atoms, or groups of atoms, carrying one or more electrons. We must remember that every atom of hydrogen carries in electrolysis a particular quantity, or charge, of electricity, and that other atoms, or groups of atoms, carry either this same quantity of electricity or a multiple of it, but never less; that the quantity of electricity carried by an atom of hydrogen behaves as if it were as indivisible as the atoms themselves.

There is one other point. The atoms and their charges are not inseparable. Ions part with their charges in electrolysis, and also under other circumstances.

We must now turn our attention to the phenomena of electric discharge in gases. If we obtain a glass tube ten or twelve inches in length, seal into its ends two platinum wires, connect these wires to the anode and cathode of an electrical machine, start the machine and then gradually remove the air from our tube by means of a first-rate air pump, we may observe the following phenomena in the following order:

At first the electricity refuses to pass between the two wires, because it is unable to overcome the resistance of the air. But presently, as the air is removed, sparks begin to pass which spread out as it were, till by-and-by the tube is filled with a beautiful glow. At still higher exhaustions the uniform glow breaks up into a succession of transverse luminous discs, or striations, and at one of the wires—the cathode—a dark space shows itself in front of the cathode. This dark space grows as we proceed, and gradually the luminous discs become fewer and disappear. Finally, the glowing cap of the cathode moves forward, leaving a fresh dark space behind, which is known as the ‘Crookes’s dark space.’ If the air pump is a good one and the tube perfectly air-tight, the ‘Crookes’s dark space’ ultimately fills the whole tube and no light is to be seen, except a glowing phosphorescence on the glass of the tube. This is the state of things that exists in the Röntgen-ray tubes, which probably are not altogether unknown to my readers. It is not the Röntgen rays that now concern us, however, but the state of affairs in the dark space inside the tube.

This dark space possesses some very remarkable properties which can be accounted for by supposing that something invisible is continuously shot off from the cathode: something which flies in straight lines and generates light when it strikes the glass boundary of the containing vessel, or impinges on any solid obstacle placed in the dark space to intercept it. If the exhaustion of the tube is not too high a piece of platinum may be made red hot by this invisible bombardment, but at the highest exhaustions the X or Röntgen rays chiefly are generated. It is found that the bombarding matter flies in straight lines, refusing to turn corners, and can force its way through thin sheets of metal. Indeed it can actually escape from the vacuum tube into the air if the tube be provided with a window of thin aluminium so placed that the bombardment falls upon it. Finally, these ‘cathode rays’ behave, under the influence of magnets, as if they

carried electricity, and they can be shown to possess momentum by making them work little windmills placed in their course. In short, all the facts suggest that the cathode shoots off streams of particles carrying electricity.

The wonderful properties of the dark space in the Crookes's tube were supposed, at one time, to be due to atoms shot off from the cathode by electric propulsion, and moving, like a wind, away from their source; but it was seen that if they were ordinary atoms, then they were ordinary atoms in a very extraordinary state; and Sir William Crookes, struck by the unlikeness of the properties of the dark space to those of ordinary gaseous matter, pointed out that it seemed as if he had obtained matter in a 'fourth state,' in which it was neither solid, liquid, nor gas.

The solution of the problem presented by these extraordinary phenomena, which has been worked out chiefly by the Cambridge physicists under the guidance of Professor J. J. Thomson, bids fair to revolutionise our ideas on the whole subject of the constitution of matter.

We have learnt that the properties of the Crookes's dark space are such as it would possess if particles of some kind were driven from the cathode which travel at vast velocities and in straight lines, till they meet with some obstacle, such as the sides of the vessel, objects placed in their path, or even the residual air of the tube. But though the radiation flies in straight lines and refuses to turn corners, its course can be deflected by magnets. And further, the deflection produced by a magnet is such as to show that the charges carried are negative charges, as, indeed, might have been expected, since what carries the charges is expelled from the cathode.

Now, if the cathode rays of the dark space of a Crookes's tube consist of a stream, or wind, of negatively electrified atoms, then, from what has been said, every atom may be expected to carry the same quantity of electricity as a hydrogen atom in electrolysis, or some multiple of that quantity; and if we can determine the mass which carries this quantity of electricity in the dark space, we shall know whether the particles are ordinary charged atoms or something different. This is just what has been accomplished by means of a series of researches which were said a few months ago 'to constitute the present high-water mark of the world's experimental physics.'

It would be impossible to describe these experiments in detail

It must suffice to say, in the first place, that the cathode rays travel at a rate which is about one-tenth as great as the velocity of light, and thousands of times faster than sound. Secondly, that the mass which carries the above-mentioned unit of electricity is only about the one seven-hundredth part as great as the mass of an atom of hydrogen, and that it makes no difference whether the tube is filled originally with air, oxygen, nitrogen, or some other gas. In every case the mass carrying the so-called 'atom of electricity' is of the same order, and very greatly less than that of an atom of hydrogen. A fact which seems not consistent with the idea that ordinary chemical atoms are the carriers, as exactly the opposite is the case in electrolytic changes.

It will be seen that we can account for this result by two equally simple hypotheses. We may suppose that the flying particles of the cathode rays are ordinary atoms carrying electric charges vastly bigger than those we meet with in electrolysis. Or we may suppose that we have to deal with particles whose masses are only about the one seven-hundredth as great as those of hydrogen atoms, and that each of these carries an electric charge equal to that carried by the hydrogen atom. Now there is this fact in support of the second hypothesis: that whilst the speed of the particles is enormous, their energy is not great. And as the energy of a moving object depends on its mass and its velocity, it seems reasonable to suppose that particles moving with vast velocities, but endowed with only moderate amounts of energy, are of very small mass. This kind of reasoning is not conclusive, however, and Professor Thomson saw that the way to get a final answer to the question was to count the particles in a given space, and to determine the total quantity of electricity on the collection of particles. These being known, the charge carried by each of the particles could be calculated. Just imagine the character of the task. Every cubic centimeter—say, one third of a thimbleful—of a gas contains 20,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules, and in this case the number might be seven hundred times greater. It was managed in this way:

One of Dr. Thomson's colleagues, Mr. C. T. R. Wilson, had shown that when electrified particles are present in moist air quite free from dust a mist is produced¹ if the air is suddenly expanded,

¹ Mr. J. Aitken of Edinburgh discovered in 1880 that a mist will not form in moist dust-free air. This fact has been made the basis of a method of counting the dust particles in the air.

the water condensing round the particles so that each becomes the nucleus of a microscopically small drop of water, though no such mist will form if the air be free from these electrified particles.

Again, the late Sir George Stokes has shown that we can calculate the rate at which a drop of water will fall through the air if we know its size, and therefore it was possible for Professor Thomson to find the size of his drops by measuring the rate at which the mist subsided. Then, knowing the average volume of each drop, and the whole volume of the water which had gone to form the drops, he could calculate the number of drops by dividing the total volume of the water by the average volume of a drop. But this gave him the number of electrified particles, for each of these formed the nucleus of a drop. Finally, having measured the total electric charge carried by the particles in the given space, and knowing the number of the particles, he was able to calculate the charge carried by each. The result arrived at was that each particle carries a charge which approximates to that carried by an atom of hydrogen in electrolysis. Therefore, in cathode rays we have particles far smaller than atoms of hydrogen which carry charges equal to those which have been termed 'atoms of electricity.'

The ingenuity of the counting process which enabled Professor Thomson to make this discovery will be better appreciated when I say that in one experiment there were 30,000 droplets in each cubic centimetre, and that their total weight was about the thirteen-thousandth part of a grain.

The exact masses of these particles, or 'electrons' as we may now call them, are, of course not known. We may take it, however, that the mass of an atom of hydrogen is about seven hundred times as great as that of an 'electron.'

It may be mentioned that electrons do not occur only in the Crookes's vacuum tube. For example, they are given off by metals when heated to the highest temperatures, and when illuminated by ultra-violet light; and also by Radium. They seem to be concerned always in the transport of negative electricity at low pressures.

Summarising, the conclusions reached amount to this. It is wrong to suppose that the hydrogen atom is the smallest particle. On the contrary, there exist in the cathode rays, and elsewhere, negatively electrified particles whose masses are far

smaller than those of hydrogen atoms. These particles can travel great distances, when not impeded, at vast velocities, and when they strike massive obstacles they are stopped and then generate the X-rays of Röntgen. They can heat platinum to redness and drive small windmills, can pass through thin sheets of aluminium, and thus can escape from air-tight vessels. They act on photographic plates and cause phosphorescent solids to glow. Air containing them becomes a conductor, and they discharge positively electrified bodies, which affords us a means of detecting them. The 'Physicist' asks us to admit that the atoms of the chemist can no longer be regarded as indestructible. On the contrary he tells us that we can knock at least one electron off every atom.

But we are not yet at the end; we do not know, for example, what the constitution of the electrons may be, whether they are partly material and carry charges of electricity, or whether they are simply charges of electricity and nothing else. For according to the teachings of a modern physicist this latter view has the advantage of being the simpler, and by no means need be rejected summarily. Even if we adopt the second and simpler view of the electron, however, we must not jump to the conclusion that all matter is made up of these minute negatively charged particles. For it seems that a very different set of facts has to be dealt with when we come to consider positive electricity. The masses of the particles which carry positive charges have also been measured, and it is found in their case that the unit quantity of electricity is always associated with masses of the same order as those of ordinary atoms, and that these vary according to the nature of the gas in which they occur:—a fact which has led to the suggestion that possibly 'negative electricity may consist in the minute corpuscles and that positive electrification consists in the absence of these corpuscles from ordinary atoms.' This is a view which, as Professor Thomson points out, brings us back very close to the one fluid theory of electricity propounded long ago by Benjamin Franklin. Sir Oliver Lodge in his recent 'Romanes Lecture,' pressing the electric theory of matter to the furthest point, suggests on the other hand that it becomes reasonable to suppose 'that the whole atom may be built up of positive and negative electrons,' these electrons being 'interleaved or interlocked in a state of violent motion so as to produce a stable configuration under the influence of their centrifugal inertia and their electric

forces ;' a charged atom, or an ion, being one which has one electron in excess or defect. A view of the matter which brings into our minds the famous hypothesis of 'Prout' that all the elements are composed of the same fundamental substance,¹ but which does not merely reassert 'Prout's' hypothesis in its original form, since we must now contemplate the possibility that the primordial substance is electricity and nothing else. The weak point of these latter speculations lies, as Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out, in the fact that as yet no one has isolated a positive electron ; positive electricity having been met with, so far, only when associated with ordinary atoms such as those of hydrogen.

It is impossible within the available limits to pursue the speculations which find in electrons the basis of all electrical and many other phenomena, such, for example, as those which find in their motions the source of light itself. But I may mention in passing an explanation of the cause of that most beautiful mystery the Aurora Borealis which we owe to Arrhenius and others.

As very hot metals emit electrons, we must admit that an intensely hot body like the sun is likely to throw them off in vast numbers, and, as a consequence of this, we must admit further that showers of electrons after travelling through the interplanetary space will fall upon the upper layers of our atmosphere. But the earth is a magnet, and therefore the electrons that reach our atmosphere will come under the influence of its magnetic qualities. Now, it is found that owing to the distribution of the lines of the earth's magnetic force those electrons which reach the outer layers of the earth's atmosphere near the equator will not penetrate far, but will travel horizontally, and therefore will stay at the higher levels where the density of the air is extremely low, and where but little luminosity can be produced by their passage through the gas. But at higher latitudes, owing to a different distribution of the earth's magnetic force, the electrons, following the lines of force as they dip, will rush downwards into the lower and denser levels of the atmosphere, and there produce the luminous phenomena of the vacuum tube. That is, according to this hypothesis, the Aurora Borealis.

A little while ago this, or something like it, would have told the whole of my story. But not so to-day. Quite recently the results of a series of wonderful researches bearing upon the constitution of matter have illuminated the subject as by a

¹ Prout suggested that hydrogen was the fundamental substance.

lightning flash, giving us a glimpse into the properties of matter, such as no one could have hoped for a few years ago.

We all know that for many generations men believed in the possibility of transmuting the metals. Nay, that not a few investigators wasted large parts of their lives in foolish attempts to produce gold from the baser metals. We know too that men of the greatest learning and sound sense, like Roger Bacon and others, believed that transmutation was practicable, and that though few such persons professed to have actually carried out a transmutation, not a few believed that they had seen it done, or at least that they had witnessed the 'philosopher's stone' by the aid of which it might be accomplished. It was only in the sixteenth century, after Paracelsus had directed attention to the importance of chemistry to medicine, that the hunt for the philosopher's stone began to slacken rapidly. Its death-knell was rung, as it seemed at the time, two centuries later when Lavoisier taught us to regard the metals as elements. Of late years, however, there has been a less widespread disposition to pour scorn upon the heads of the alchemists than during the period which succeeded the discoveries of Lavoisier. We have been less indisposed than we used to be to admit that some day some element might be transformed into another. Still, even after the researches and speculations described above had weakened our conviction that, practically speaking, atoms are indivisible, I suppose few thought it at all probable that a transmutation would be effected in our own time. And yet the most sceptical must admit that a claim has now been put forward which merits the closest examination, and which on no account can be dismissed till it has been probed to the bottom.

Every one knows that in 1896 M. H. Becquerel discovered a new property of uranium, which in the hands especially of Mme. Curie led to the discovery of radium, an element which glows in the dark, appears to give off energy without ceasing, and can maintain itself at a temperature about 1.5°C . higher than that of the things around it. Naturally the remarkable qualities of this astonishing element have been the subject of much curious scrutiny.

When the properties of radium were first discovered many explanations were put forward. They might be due to chemical changes among its atoms. Radium might be able, as it were, to pick up and transform external radiations which had hitherto

escaped recognition. It might draw upon the store of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air. The atoms of radium might not be stable under all conditions, and among the large number of atoms contained in any specimen there would be a few which, being in the unstable condition, would pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do so a large quantity of energy. Meanwhile, and especially during the present year, Professor Rutherford of Montreal, partly in conjunction with Mr. F. Soddy, has been making discoveries of a most startling character about radio-active bodies, such as radium and thorium.¹

When the unique properties of radium and the other radio-active bodies were first discovered they were thought to be due to the generation of a kind of Röntgen rays. Then they were attributed chiefly to the emission of electrons, like those of the Crookes's tube, except that they move with much greater velocity; and further experience shows that both these are probably given off, though there is some doubt about the nature of the former radiation. But it now appears: first, that by far the most important part of the radiation of radium consists of much larger masses than electrons, in fact of particles as large as chemical atoms. These heavy radiations are positively electrified, they move with immense velocities, are endowed with great amounts of energy, they make the air through which they pass conduct electricity, and reveal themselves to the eye by the flashes they produce when they bombard a suitable screen; flashes which may be seen if they are examined under a lens, as in the little instrument invented for the purpose by Sir William Crookes and called the 'spinthariscopes.'

Secondly, and this is the most important of all, that we must seek the solution of the 'Mystery of Radium,' not chiefly in the Röntgen rays, nor in the electrons, nor in those heavier particles which carry ninety-nine per cent. of its radiant energy, but by studying the matter which these leave behind them—by studying, for example, certain products known under the names Thorium X, Uranium X, and above all by investigating the so-called 'emanations' of radium and thorium. These emanations, which must not be confused with the radiations mentioned above, are in every respect like ordinary matter. They are volatile, they mix with other gases, can be bubbled through

¹ Other substances exhibit radio-activity as well as radium, *e.g.* thorium, but for the sake of simplicity I confine my remarks chiefly to the former.

liquids, can be condensed by great cold and are re-volatilised by heat. They are often occluded in the substances which produce them, and when that is the case they can be liberated by dissolving the substances in water. They differ from ordinary matter in one respect; they are found in such minute quantities that they cannot be detected by the most delicate scales and weights. They even defy the powers of the spectroscope. But in spite of this the researches of Professor Rutherford seem to have placed their material existence beyond all doubt.

From the experiments described it seems clear that radio-active matter, such as radium and thorium, is matter in a state of change—matter, that is to say, which is undergoing chemical change, since new substances are being formed at every stage. Moreover, the facts of the case are inconsistent with the idea that the change is of the nature of a combination. On the contrary, it seems to present the characters of a decomposition. Hence, since radium and thorium exhibit the characters of elements, we are driven to suppose either that their radio-activity accompanies the escape of impurities, or else that the atoms of the elements are undergoing change.

Professor Rutherford adopts the latter explanation, and the facts of the case strongly support him. According to him, the change which accompanies radio-activity consists in the gradual disintegration of the atoms of the radio-active element in such a way that they give off charged particles whose masses are of the same order as those of atoms of hydrogen, whilst new forms of matter, lighter than the original element, are left behind. These residues, or 'atom-fragments,' which are also radio-active, are not the ultimate products of the change, however, but themselves undergo further change, so that the process goes on continuously, stage by stage, each stage being accompanied by radio-activity, such as that of radium, until at last electrons are expelled.¹

It should be added here that the one common characteristic of the radio-active elements is that they have the heaviest atoms, and therefore seem the most likely to be liable to this kind of change.

A few years ago, our fellow-countryman Newlands and the great Russian chemist Mendelejeff, after comparing the pro-

¹ So much has been said about the apparently inexhaustible character of the radio-activity of radium, that it is interesting to learn that Professor Rutherford estimates the 'life' of a specimen at only a few thousand years.

perties of the chemical atoms with their respective weights, came to the conclusion that there is a distinct connection between them of such a kind that the atomic weight of an element being known, it becomes possible to foretell its properties: to say, for example, whether the element is metallic or non-metallic, gaseous or solid, at ordinary temperatures, and so on. And the latter, having arranged all the elements then known in a table according to the law of periodicity, as it is called, went so far as to assert the existence of several elements which had never been met with, and to foretell their leading properties. Soon after this, two new elements, gallium and germanium, were isolated, and when their properties had been ascertained, it was found that they were two of the hypothetical elements discovered, so to speak, by Mendelejeff by means of the periodic law, which of course strengthened the belief of chemists in the validity of the law.

The difficulties and pitfalls in the way of an investigator who has to deal with new forms of matter in quantities so minute that they are beyond the reach of the spectroscope are so great, that the results even of the most brilliant experiments made under these circumstances are sure to be received with a certain amount of reserve. Hence it is interesting to find that though Professor Rutherford's memoirs appeared only during the first six months of the present year, his conclusions have already received support not unlike that brought to the originators of the Periodic Law by the discovery of gallium and germanium.

It is natural, of course, to speculate on the probable nature of the ultimate product or products of these newly discovered transmutations. One thing seems certain. The ultimate products of such changes will not be radio-active like the emanations we have been considering. Hence they may prove to be elements already known to us, and Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy have suggested, on various grounds, that it is not improbable that helium may be one of them. This prophecy has been very quickly confirmed, for in a paper very recently communicated to the Royal Society by Sir Wm. Ramsay and Mr. Soddy, they tell us that if the gases from a solution of radium bromide in water be freed from oxygen and hydrogen, dried by phosphoric oxide, and then cooled with liquid air, to remove carbonic acid gas and the emanation, they give in a vacuum tube the spectrum of the element helium. Nor was this helium a mere accidental impurity, for in another experiment it was found that though no helium can be detected

in the freshly formed emanation of radium, it becomes present after four days' standing.

This experiment and those which led up to it may prove to be the heralds of new departures in physics, chemistry, and astronomy of the greatest importance and interest to us all. If there be no error, and we must not forget the difficulty of avoiding error in such experiments, the 'transmutation of the elements' is no longer a dream; no longer a mere scientific hypothesis, but a fundamental fact of science. It is going on daily and hourly on the earth. It has been realised in a laboratory experiment.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

THE PLEASURES OF FISHING.

LET me not pretend to pluck the heart out of the angler's mystery. And in truth none of us, I think, could divulge it if we would. As in most mysteries, the initiated know the rites, the adepts more fully than the novices; but they only know in reality what they do; what makes them do it is at best a conjecture. Was there ever a fisherman, I wonder, who has not asked himself time and again what ever brought him into such a preposterous pursuit?

Leaving then to Dr. Max Nordau, Professor Lombroso, or some such specialist, to dissect and determine the psychology of the angler, I pursue my own much less ambitious purpose—which is, merely to set down the things that rise up in my mind when I ask myself why it is that year after year my notion of the perfect holiday, and I would almost say the perfect pleasure, associates itself more and more with fishing.

When Mrs. Battle spoke of the virtues of a 'square game' *she meant whist*; and so fishing in my inner consciousness always means fishing with a fly. But the man who would limit his sympathies to any single branch of the pursuit is scarce worthy to be called an angler; his heart should go out to the taking of fish by any creditable method—and even that qualifying clause should receive a liberal construction. Poisoning rivers with spurge is abhorrent to every decent mind. Killing fish in a pool with dynamite is little better, though, in a whisper, one may own a wish to see it done, just once. But spearing salmon by torch-light, although reprehensible in itself—especially if the fish are spawning—is a sport that must rank with the finest, and not many of us can read the chapter in *Guy Mannering* which describes it without regretting the days when such things could be done unblushingly, even by sheriffs. And net fishing of all kinds has a fascination purely its own. There are not many better moments than those when you fetch a trawl in over the boat-side, and the catch comes partly into view, before the joy begins of disentangling it from the lumps of kelp, stones, and other rubbish, animal and vegetable.

A great part of the charm of fishing consists surely in the

strangeness of the element we work in. It is as if you threw your line or your net into another world, and brought thence by subtlety its remote denizens. You may fetch a bird down out of the sky, but your quarry is after all a kindly creature of the earth as much as deer or rabbit; it lives on the same plane as we do, blood is warm in its veins. Taking the life of fish is not the same thing; there is less hint of killing about it. This may sound unreasonable, but any sportsman knows that if each head of game had to be killed by hand after the gun had done its work there would be fewer enthusiasts for shooting. As it is, we know that it is possible to drop hare or pheasant clean dead, and we hope to do it. But, though every trout and salmon has to be knocked on the head, yet few of us feel repugnance to doing so; while the least squeamish dislike the necessity of giving the *coup de grâce* to a rabbit.

One reason, of course, for such lack of fellow feeling is the silence of these aliens. A caught hare can wring our heart with its crying; but the fish suffer, if they do suffer, dumbly. *O mutis quoque piscibus*— If Melpomene could indeed have given utterance to fishes, she did very well to abstain. She may perhaps rain influence among them; may inspire threnodies for the aged trout who at last succumbs to a minnow, or pæans of victory for the spring fish that with one wild rush and leap has burst the confining tackle; but at least if such emotions there are, Melpomene secludes from us the expression of them. And the fish that escapes gets clean away; it seems clear that even a hook in his jaw is only a temporary inconvenience, perhaps a glorious decoration, like the German student's slit and plastered nose. One need not be haunted by the thought of wounded creatures that creep into some corner to die; and my only moments of remorse have been when some unlucky little pinkeen of a trout or salmon fry has swallowed the hook (never meant for him) so deep that in dislodging it I have injured the creature badly, and seen it turn tragically belly upwards when it reached what should have been the safety of the water. But that remorse would never have touched me, had I discerned him past recovery, and pitched him into the basket to bestow on some small urchin met by the wayside.

It is a fine question, and one that goes deep into the metaphysics of angling, whether it is better to fish for the seen or the unseen. Your dry-fly expert of course has no doubts; for him, as

I understand, fishing is a kind of stalk. He goes to the river, marks his fish rising, and then warily proceeds to angle for the creature. We, in the country where I learnt the business, walk more by faith; we fish where trout should be, with the flies that they are likely to fancy. And though the other procedure sounds (and is) more skilful and more delicate, yet half the charm of angling lies in its uncertainty, its wide field for expectation, and this to the dry-fly fisher must be narrowly limited. Moreover, we of the simpler, more primitive method have a great variety of resource. To begin with, we also note the rise, and fish over it with care and with expectation; but if rise there is none, we rely on judgment and experience. We know by practice and by instinct where a trout should lie, and we fish there; and many of us would gladly argue by the hour whether is more delightful, to try an unknown river for the first time, or to whip over one where every stone and every break in the water is familiar as the face of a friend. In the first case, ours is the joy of skilled conjecture; in the second, that of skilled knowledge. A jutting bank, undercut by the current, an overhanging alder bush, are welcome sights if they only rouse anticipation; perhaps more welcome still if they awaken memory of the trout we caught there, the trout we rose, the great fish we once saw rising which in all probability should still be in his fastness. And in any case judgment must come in to help memory; fish shift their places according to the height of water, and you will get a dozen good rises one day in a run where with the stream a foot lower—as it will be next morning—it would be useless to throw a fly.

There is again the choice of flies. We are no entomologists in Donegal, though I make no doubt but the skilled dry-fly fisher might by attention to the fly on the water get trout that we should never stir. And yet even the May fly when it is up has little attraction, and other patterns kill better. The choice to be made ranges within certain small and well-known limits and is largely a choice of sizes; it is the main point where skill tells on a lake; and that is why lake fishing, although generally more prosperous, is so infinitely less attractive than fishing on a river.

On a lake the water is all the same before you; barring the chance of a fish that rises 'to himself' within reach, you may as well throw right as left, and the merest novice can soon compass all the skill that is required to drop flies down wind light on the water. There is nothing in all sport duller than lake fishing on

a bad day, though few things pleasanter than an afternoon in the boat when trout are taking free, and there is the chance of a bigger one than common to keep expectation on the stretch. For then it is no simple monotonous continuance of easy indiscriminating casting; skill has a hundred chances in the quickness of the strike that is yet not too quick nor too hard; in the manœuvring of hooked fish that must be kept clear of the boat, and if possible clear of weeds; in the judgment that teaches you to use strain enough lest precious moments should be wasted, yet not too much lest the tiny fly should tear away, or the delicate gut snap. There is room and to spare for difficulties.

Difficulties are of the essence. If it were too easy to catch fish, one would not trouble about catching them; and here where I write in North Donegal we suffer a little from that misfortune. There is a lake ten yards from my feet in which any reasonable angler could kill on this day of cloud and westerly wind as many herring-sized trout as would make him illustrious if he got them on a brook in Devonshire. But when one has come out to fish for salmon, small trout soon cloy, and there is the sad knowledge that the only difficulty is to beat a record for numbers, for there is no use in hoping for size; a pound fish is here almost unheard of. If there were no salmon within reach it might be different, but half a mile off is the river—or what is left of it—and there, sulking at the bottom of deep holes, are the unattainable salmon. For in this most annoying of summers, while we were enduring deluges in London, Donegal, like the most of Ireland, suffered a drought; and now rivers are in that condition when the wise man knows he might as well fish in a field. And so one sits and watches day after day of cloud and westerly breeze go by, and prays for a flood that comes not. The brown trout are in the lakes, and I know that any day I could catch from two to four dozen; and, knowing it, leave them uncaught. The element of uncertainty is not sufficient, and the lake on which I might get a two-pounder is ten miles distant.

Let us reduce these data to principles. One would argue that there must be first of all the desire to catch fish, since the reason why I sit and write at present is that for the moment small trout have lost their charm by the side of a visionary salmon. The thing is too easy: expectation of catching as many as I want becomes a certainty; and I suppose that in certain regions of the world one might grow equally *blasé* even with a larger class of fish. On

the other hand, it is quite clear that expectation must not sink below a certain point; however desirable the fish, there must at least be a reasonable chance of getting it, and to-day it would be simple ignorance to fish for salmon. And yet I would not say but the afternoon might see me down the river.

The precise point at which hope dies in the fisherman's heart is hard to ascertain, but that point marks the moment when fishing ceases to be a pleasure in itself. There may be, and there often are, other circumstances to make it pleasurable to be on a river; but once hope is gone, the exercise of dexterity in casting is a poor substitute. I reasoned all this out clearly to myself one afternoon this spring in Kerry. On the Monday I had travelled down to Killarney, and beyond it, and had driven up long miles through a bleak ravine far into the hills till we topped a pass and came down into a valley that seemed almost as high among the mountains as Davos Platz: so steep did Carrantuohill tower above it. I had been greeted with the welcome news of salmon taken, and on the Tuesday I had fished for some hours in hope, with a north-westerly wind (in my face) almost blowing the rod out of my hands, and frequent lashes of cold rain. Never a sign of fish had I seen, but another angler returned with a fine salmon and news of another risen. Next day I had gone up and fished—on the most perfect-looking stretch of water, narrow between high cliffs—and again rain and wind had beaten on me, my rod was a burden, my shoulders ached, and I had seen nothing. We set our face for home, for the whole stretch of river was at our disposal after three o'clock and I had one pool of my beat unfished—a long range of flat water, perhaps two hundred yards of it, lashed into waves by the fierce gale. My mackintosh was lashed into waves also, the rain had found a way down my back, and I had the most perfect conviction that no fish were in the water. It was then that I reasoned to myself that, although there was always a chance, and three hours were left to fish in, I had ceased to believe in the least ghost of a hope, and that under such circumstances fishing was a slavery. I would finish the fifty yards that remained of the pool, and then, however my gilly might remonstrate, home I would go. And then, just as I had reached this laudable decision, came a heave of something pink-silvery in the grey lash of water; down he went, and the line with him, as I heard Micky's jubilant shout. 'There he is!' and 'You're into him!' The next moment the fish had run in towards me, I had run back, tangled the skirts of my waterproof

in a brier bush and subsided to the earth. Happily, however, even in this ignominy, I kept a tight line, and in five or six minutes of hard holding—for the bottom was all foul with snags—I had the fish wallowing on his side. But the bank was high, my gillie was nervous about reaching down, and I had to tow the creature along, past a threatening sally bush, to a handier port of access. He lay like a log on the water, I could see my fly in his mouth, and could feel my heart in my own; for it was five years since I had got a spring salmon, and of all experiences the most heart-breaking is to lose a fish that has been thoroughly played out and see him drift for a moment keel uppermost before he recovers his activity and disappears for ever into the bottom of the pool.

This time, however, there were no such disasters; and I need not say that after this I fished every inch of the water home, and I did not suffer again in Kerry from that heart-breaking despondency, though I only got one other fish in the week, and had to go away—*no thruagh*—before the real sport began.

But in Kerry I had a full share of those subsidiary pleasures which, hardly less than the pursuit itself, endear to me the business of fly fishing. Beautiful country to begin with; the glen sloping down from the peaked mountain, and as it sloped doubling into sheltered sides, where oak scrub and birch and hazel grew thick, making lovely mixtures of brown and purple, with no touch of green as yet, except about the fringes of them, which were studded thick with shining holly. And for a greater charm still I had good companionship, such as seldom fails one on the water in Ireland. An Irish peasant, once you get over the barrier of shyness, is almost always sympathetic if he is not witty; and one who has long been mixing with another class than his own, if he is not spoilt in the process, becomes in his own way an accomplished man of the world.

In Gleneglish my friend Micky's station was that of boots at the hotel. But in twenty or thirty years there he had spent long days in company with a great variety of persons from Lord Randolph Churchill downwards, and appraised them by no means altogether as fishermen. At the first meeting one saw a large quiet rather stolid man, clean-shaven, with just a trace of the traditional side whisker; but you would not talk to him long before you noted the twinkle in his eye. And as soon as we had started out he began the conversation like any other well-bred person in Ireland by suggesting mutual friends. He had known

my brother, and therefore—Irish fashion again—knew all my kinship, and could tell me of this and that cousin or uncle. My own particular hobby, however, was novel to him, for I wanted him to talk Gaelic to me, and Micky, though he knew the Irish far better than English, could not conceive 'why any gentleman would bother himself with such a useless language.' This opened a wide field for controversy; and if we did not convince one another, I soon perceived that Micky talking Irish was a very different person from the English-speaking Micky. Micky in English was a little difficult to keep off the well-worn track of old anecdotes which some previous fisherman had told—tales of the cleverness of parrots, the cunning of Jews, or the like of that—for Micky had the tenacious memory of those who neither read nor write. But Micky in Irish was a person with his head full of queer old scraps of verse and proverbial sayings. I met him one day coming after me when I had been out alone for a forenoon, and the smile wrinkling the corners of his eyes. *Is fada do shlat gan bradán.* 'It is the long rod you have with no salmon,' he said, humming the words to a tune. 'What song is that?' I asked, and learnt it was the beginning of a 'rann' or contemptuous epigram which 'some poet' had made on his enemy when he met him coming home empty-handed by the river. The rest of the verse had no special application to me, for it condemned the beggarly little hut, and miserly pigs'-potatoes, of Donough the son of John out of Deelish; but the first line I heard plenty of times from my friend Micky.

As is always the way, it was hard enough to disentangle the meaning of these quotations, for the point of them was apt to lie in an ambiguity. One poet would come into a fair and go into every booth chanting a verse that no one could tell the meaning of till he would meet another poet who would catch the riddle and improvise an answer. And many times I was no better off than the uninitiated—worse, indeed, for I could hardly distinguish the words, and Micky was always loth to explain. 'It sounds very stupid in the English,' he would say; and reasonably enough, for there was often a play of words involved, or some such ingenuity.

These poets hardly ever had a name, though, like every other man in that county, he had tales in plenty of Owen Roe O'Sullivan, the last of the famous Munster bands. Once, however, when we began to talk about O'Connell—or, as they still call him there in his own county, 'the Counsellor'—he branched off into a tale of

the Counsellor's grandmother, who was a great poet, and he quoted to me the 'keene' she made over her third husband, when she overheard the other women scorning at her.

They are laughing at me, the women over yonder ;
 For me crying so sore :
 They say it is a wonder for one to be crying
 That would go a third time to the altar.
 I was married once to a rich noble,
 And I was married a second time to a man of great store—
 And it is handsome men they were ;
 But they died, and little I grieved for them,
 Little I grieved for them or for any,
 Till he died that is lying here in his coffin.
 He has taken away the key of my heart,
 And the lock is rusted with my tears.
 I have children and I have store of cattle.
 I would they were all gone from me, and he to be back.

That is about the drift of it, for I forgot to get it written down. None of the poems were of any great interest, but what interested me was to find that Micky, who in English lived entirely in the prose of things, should have a head full of scraps of song. Doubtless he remembered them from no special predilection, for he seemed to forget nothing ; but still, English poetry and English literature was a sealed book to him, and in Irish his mind was deeply coloured with imagination.

I had an odd illustration of this. Micky, like all the world in Ireland, was familiar with stories of Finn MacCool : a little way up the glen was a rock with which Finn had made one of his giant casts. But of Ossian, Finn's son, he knew nothing, till I told him the story of the fairy woman, Niav, who came to the last feast of the Fianna, and lured Ossian away to Tir-nan-og, where he lived with her till the humour took him to return ; and return he did, for all her saying, only to find his comrades dead and forgotten, and the fine country of warriors destroyed with monk and bell.

Two or three days later I was fishing before lunch in the big pool near the hotel ; and there I stirred a fish, but could not induce him to rise again. While I was trying, another angler who had a stretch of private water lower down came past, going back to lunch, and I decided to go in with him and try again later. However, at lunch I was invited to drive down by road and inspect this lower water ; and having decided to do so, I explained the arrangement. Micky looked disapprobation and answered in Irish, saying, I thought, ' We will come back like

Ossian in quest of the Fianna.' But, since this conveyed no meaning, I judged I had misunderstood, and since I did not want to argue, I asked no more.

We went down accordingly, and walked up, fishing a little on the way, so that we reached the boat pool lateish. I fished the run fruitlessly, and, seeing that the water had risen, said that the fish had probably moved up stream. 'And wasn't that what I told you?' said Micky. In righteous anger I protested he had done nothing of the kind. Micky, still more indignant, retorted. 'For what would you want to go down the river? Didn't I tell you we would come back, like Ossian, and all our friends would be gone?'

There in a nutshell you have the difference. Figurative expression in English was far from Micky's habit. But once Micky began to talk Gaelic, figurative expression became so natural that he could not conceive of anyone stupid enough to fail of understanding it. It is a lasting regret to me that I was stupid, for I might probably have hooked the fish; but the regret has served to fix in my mind a fine concrete example of the relation between language and habits of thought.

It is partly these subsidiary attractions that make me *capable de pêcher à la ligne*, and I submit them as extenuating circumstances in mitigation of the psychologist's verdict. But to anglers I need not say that the charm of angling lies in its essence, not in its accidents; and the real excuse for this essay's existence is that angling is a delight which dwells in memory, and memory likes to be revived. Not the least of the pleasures which I owe to fishing is the pleasure of reading those writers who have written readably about the sport; and I hope that perhaps someone remote from lakes and rivers may glance over these lines and remember, with sympathy rather than with envy, the smell of bog myrtle, the whispering of the reeds, the lush growth of grass in the waterside meadows, the trout's quick rise and the tightening line; and may dream, as I even here am still reduced to dreaming, of the keen expectation on the day, of a stream in order where the rushing current spreads and slackens to a curl; of the thrill as a sudden swirl boils in the water, and of the heavy downward plunge when you feel the hook go home.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

'SPORTIE.'

A PATRIOT.

SPORTIE is an American, and no son of the Stars and Stripes could be prouder of the fact.

Other American boys may have since repeated and adopted the speech, and there is some evidence that lesser souls have done so, but we have it from his own mother that it was Sportie who, at the age of five, when asked by his Sunday School teacher to name the first man, answered, unwaveringly, 'George Washington.'

'Waal! And how about Adam?' enquired the teacher.

'Oh, I wasn't counting foreigners,' replied Sportie with a fine scorn.

Sportie's parents live in New York on West 57th Street. A fine city, a fine street, and a fine house, but Sportie has far too big a soul in his well-knit little body to be proud of things like that. He is proud of being a free-born American citizen and of the grand American constitution. He is proud of the Stars and Stripes, that legacy to his country of a great good man who in his mind stands ever first, in spite of the foreigner 'Adam.' He is proud, very proud, of those pioneer Pilgrim Fathers and their hard-won victory over all in nature that opposed them. Proud too beyond words to express it, unless set to thrilling martial music, is Sportie of the gallant War of Independence, when the Sons of Freedom rallying round that First man threw off once and for ever the intolerable British yoke. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Adams are names engraved on his youthful imagination in letters of shining gold.

As Sportie had no brothers or sisters, he was sent to school early in order to give him youthful companionship, and, needless to say, his favourite study at once became history. Long before he ever met them, he felt terribly sorry for boys not born Americans. It was 'tough luck,' said Sportie.

Outside his school Sportie has two great friends. One a druggist on 42nd Street, the other a millionaire on 5th Avenue.

The bond between Sportie and his druggist friend was science, between the boy and the millionaire chain armour, in the first

instance at least. The latter friendship was an outcome of the former, and in a rather characteristic manner.

Sportie finding the druggist in sore straits one day, owing to the sudden desertion of his errand boy, offered to devote his half-holiday to the service of his friend, and then and there, armed with the drugs and lotions requiring immediate delivery, set out on his rounds. As the massive doors of the millionaire's mansion were opened in answer to his ring, Sportie caught a glimpse in the hall of shining suits of armour. Now knights' armour is to Sportie what the scent of a fox is to a hound. His feet moved forward instinctively, irresistibly, as he took out the bottle and delivered it with careful injunctions to the servant.

At that moment a spare, keen-eyed old gentleman crossed the hall, and something in the clear well-bred little voice made him pause, look at the boy sharply, and then ask what his business might be. Sportie answered he had brought the medicine from the chemist, and trusted that it would prove a fine and effectual remedy. 'It ought to,' he added, 'for Mr. Bowles is about the brightest druggist ever ran a store!' Then before the old gentleman could answer more than a whimsical 'Is that so?' this surprising errand-boy remarked, 'I see, sir, that you have some vurry fine old armour there. Would you have any objection to my examining it a moment?'

'So you are interested in armour as well as drugs,' observed the old gentleman, as Sportie walked round the figures lost in speechless admiration.

'Why yes, that I am, sir, and I guess you've gotten some vurry rare specimens of genuine ancient armour here—knights' armour!' he added in a tone of deep reverence.

The butler, an Irishman, was eying the chemist's boy with a grin which stretched his mouth, nose, and eyes right across his face.

'Where do you go to school, my little man?' enquired the old gentleman.

Sportie told him, adding proudly that in his opinion it was about the most way up school in Noo York.

'And where do you happen to live, sonny?'

'On West 57th Street,' Sportie answered simply.

'Bless me—millionaire street!' murmured the old gentleman.

'And is it to please your father you work for Mr. Bowles?' he enquired.

'Why no, sir! Guess it's just to please myself,' laughed Sportie. 'Mr. Bowles, see, is a vurry particular friend of mine. His boy's sick to-day, or says he is, and has quit—I happened to look in about some bi-sulphide of carbon for an experiment just as Mr. Bowles was crazy to get these bottles off, so naturally I offered to take them round right away.'

'Well, you're just about the right sort of friend, strikes me. I'm rather badly in need of one of your kind myself. Will you take me on as another of your friends?' asked the millionaire.

'Why certainly, sir. I think we'd have a good many tastes in common,' Sportie glanced round the wall. 'That is, if you don't mind a friend who is only a kid,' he added a little doubtfully.

'I prefer kids,' was the decisive answer, 'so there 'ull be no difficulty on that score.'

And there was not. The friendship was riveted by a *tête-à-tête* dinner the following day, when Sportie discovered to his delight several other tastes besides that of chain armour which he and the rather solitary millionaire possessed in common, notably that of chess.

Their first game made his friend sit up quite straight in his arm-chair.

The millionaire had remarked that he found nothing like chess for diverting the mind from strain and anxiety. Sportie heartily agreed. 'When I have trouble and anxiety in my home or my school life, I just cām myself down with chess. Guess you can't worry round anything when your king's in check, not even you now, can you, sir?'

The great financier looked at the small boy, and with prophetic eyes saw a son of whom America would assuredly one day be justly proud. And if he felt this before the encounter on the chessboard, much more was he convinced of it after. This boy of nine short summers made him look to his chain armour in the fight, keeping him on the alert for an hour or more when he had thought to amuse himself with a little tilt of ten minutes. 'It was that Ruy Lopez opening helped me some,' Sportie explained apologetically. 'But you, sir, are the finest player I ever struck.' They parted with a feeling of warm admiration on both sides and a promise from the old gentleman that he would make a first-class player of Sportie if he liked to learn. 'Just give me the chance, sir—see if I won't. Why, it's one of the things I've been praying for this long time.'

'What are the other things?' asked his friend.

'Well—one's a motor car, and the other'—Sportie hesitated just perceptibly—'the other is a fine sweet lovely girl to be my wife—just like my mother! Only,' he added, 'I shan't want her till I'm through with Harvard.'

'Heaven forefend you should get either of them, sonny, till you're through with Harvard,' said his friend, who believed neither in women nor motors; that is, he believed the same thing about both.

'If I haven't the luck to strike a girl just like my mother, I sha'n't marry at all,' declared Sportie. 'I can see you don't think much of women, sir, and I don't myself not as a rule. See the way they make men slave for them all the time! Why, nine-tenths of the work done in the world is done for women—yet the women ain't gratified—not a bit. They only want more and more, to travel around and dress and amuse themselves while the men grind away and pile up the dollars for them.'

Sportie says the old gentleman laughed so much he went pretty near choking. 'Guess it's just what he thought too, mother,' reflected Sportie.

'Well,' said his mother, 'he must have thought you'd had a bad example in your own home, my son!'

'Oh, no,' Sportie hastened to assure her. 'I told him I got it from books, and things I've heard my father say.'

The old gentleman enquired from Sportie if he had ever been in love.

He answered, 'Not yet.' He reckoned he was too young. He would do so probably when he was a little older, 'for,' said Sportie, 'women can make you if they set their minds to it. They're terribly 'cute that way. But you can get over being in love. Carter Ripley is three off head of the school and as bright as he can be, but he fell in love badly. He used to go and look at the picture of his best girl in the store window on his way to school, and failed to be on time four days in one week. It brought him a licking at last, so after that he concluded to cross the street when he got near that store. I felt just that way myself,' continued Sportie, 'last fall about a rook rifle, and I just shut my eyes and got a move on whenever that store came in sight.'

It was a real blank in the lives of his two friends when Sportie came over this year to Europe. His mother had been ill,

and was ordered to drink German waters and bathe in German baths. Sportie went to take care of her; a responsibility he undertook was not one in name only. He was her guardian, financier, chaperon, and courier.

The French maid shrugged her shoulders, and soon left everything to 'Monsieur Sportie-tee.'

Of course they were obliged to stop in Paris *en route* for Schlangenbad, and of course the tailors and dressmakers and corsetières could not finish any of the orders till three weeks after they were promised.

Sportie would have tired of the hotel life had it not been for a tall reserved-looking Englishman with whom he struck up a friendship in the reading-room, and whose sad kind eyes inspired Sportie's mother with such confidence that when the dressmakers claimed her for long séances she saw Sportie go off with his new friend without a qualm, though she knew their steps more often than not went in the direction of the Auteuil racecourse.

Sportie confided to his friend that his scheme was to bet always on horses of American name, whatever their place in the lists. Nothing like patriotism! And the Englishman declared he always came out well when he followed the lead of his small friend 'Stars and Stripes.'

'He says I'm his mascot, mother, and he's had such a streak of bad luck all his life, guess I must help him up all I can. He's promised not to go to any races without me while we're in Paris.' Sportie spoke with his most responsible air.

When Sportie's mother hoped the Englishman would not allow her boy to bore him, he assured her he had never been less bored in his life.

One day they had an adventure which resulted in the Englishman teaching Sportie to swim. They had gone off to Suresnes in a steamer. The Englishman was absorbed in a book while Sportie investigated the boiler, screw, rudder, &c., so as if necessary to be able to construct a steamer on the same pattern. Suddenly there was a commotion on the fore part of the deck, a vehement talkation, Sportie's voice raised high and indignant, 'Arrêtez—arrêtez.' Then his own name called sharp and shrill just as the Englishman closed his book and made up his mind to go and see what it was all about. As he neared the crowd there was a shriek—then many shrieks.

'Ah mon Dieu! He has jumped—he has drowned himself!

What to do!'—He has gone to save the child who fell from the wall there fishing. He desired the captain to stop—to make descend a boat. That one refused and the little one threw himself into the water,' cried a fat lady, wringing her hands. But before she had ceased speaking the Englishman, tearing off his coat, had pushed aside the crowd, and rushing to the other end of the steamer, which continued imperturbably cutting its clear path onwards, he jumped overboard.

Yes! thank Heaven, there he was! A small black head had appeared for a moment in the distance, and after three breathless minutes the strong arm of the once champion swimmer at Oxford had Sportie fast.

By this time the steamer had slowed up and was reluctantly turning round. A passing boatman, however, with voluble vociferations and explanations, came first to the rescue.

'Have you saved the kid?' were Sportie's first words.

And then the Englishman had to see about saving the other boy, which was by no means an easy matter, for no one was the least keen about it except his three small companions on the wall, who still stood pointing at the river and shrieking, 'Mon Dieu, he has drowned himself—he has drowned himself!'

When at last the poor little fisherman was hauled out, it appeared only too true, but after some two hours' hard work Sportie and the Englishman and a young French doctor had the satisfaction of seeing him open dazed eyes to the bright June sun, and rejoin his life in the gay city which valued him considerably less than one of the small larks strung in long sad garlands across every poulterer's shop.

Sportie's mother listened with the fortitude of a Roman matron to the account of that afternoon's adventure; but her lips grew pale as she realised how near she had been to losing the light of her eyes. As for Sportie, his only comment was, 'Guess I'll learn to swim right now, mother,' which he accordingly did under the auspices of his English friend.

From Paris they went to Schlangenbad. Sportie had not been greatly impressed by the French. He acknowledged that Charvet's handkerchiefs and ties were pretty fine, but was inclined to share the sentiment of the Englishman, who, when forced to concede superiority in the matter of boots and gloves, summed up with, 'Bong—Vous avy ly bottes et vous avy ly gants—mai oty ly bottes et oty ly gants, voilà vous êtes et qu'est-ce que vous avy?'

Sportie's verdict on leaving Paris was, 'Well, I've had a good time, but for a permanent residence I guess U.S. is good enough for me!'

But Germany and Germans were soon to rouse a far more forceful patriotism and a far more active antagonism than he could ever feel for the gay, light-hearted children of Paris.

It began as soon as they crossed the frontier. The important railway officials, the notices posted up everywhere of 'verboten' and 'nicht erlaubt' were an offence to the free-born American citizen.

His first care was to learn off a few epithets and phrases, in the German tongue, applicable and true no doubt, but scarcely conducive to peace and good-will.

'Say—we are not a pack of German slaves, and you ain't our jailers anyway,' was one of the first sentences he got rendered into the German tongue to fire off at the aggressive official who too often makes travelling in the Fatherland an experience to be dreaded.

A youthful Prussian staying with his mother and aunt in the same hotel, began by making condescending advances to Sportie, in order, as he told him with refreshing candour, 'the English yet more better to schpeak.' 'I vind dat iss qvite light—soon vill I English schpeak besser ass you, vile man say dey schpeak not goot English dee Amerikaner.'

'How did you get on with that German boy, Sportie?' asked his mother after the table-d'hôte.

'He's just about the freshest young one I ever struck,' replied Sportie. 'Wouldn't I like to have him attend our school for six months. Guess Baldwin 'ud soon fix him so his own Frau Mutter he treats worse than a nigger wouldn't know him! But I'm blest if he's going to learn English off me. When I took in his make-up I just played him with his own game, and gave him back all the Dutch I could raise—"Potstausend Donnerblitzen so!" "Das ist aber ausgezeichnet vortrefflich fein"—till he got so mad I learnt a few more real fine expressions to add to my collection.'

The sight of the countrywomen, old and young, bearing heavy burdens, hewing wood and drawing water, while their lords sat drinking beer and developing figures broad as they were long, kept this son of chivalrous America in a ferment of indignation. More than once he rushed forward, to the unfeigned astonishment of the German Weib or Mädchen, and gave her a helping hand.

'I guess being reckoned neuter, "das Weib" and "das

Mädchen," has made them forget they're women, and so they've gotten used to knuckling under to the men like dogs and mules,' was Sportie's explanation of the phenomenon.

On one occasion his chivalry came near to getting him into serious trouble, but even the certain prospect of a German prison, with black bread and a big Bible as his only fare for a month, could not have held Sportie back. Walking in the street with his mother they came suddenly on a big, hulking boy of some fourteen years banging and buffeting a small girl, who sobbed and cried in piteous wise. By her long plait of yellow hair her tyrant held her fast, so that any attempt at escape was only fraught with fresh anguish. Like a dart Sportie shot from his mother's side, and with a low war cry of concentrated wrath he leapt upon the hulking one, dealing him a certain knock-out blow under the jaw learnt from the boxer in New York, to such good effect that his astonished foe lay sprawling on the ground. Spluttering and howling the Teuton waited for no more, but heaving himself up took to his heels, Sportie after him with teeth and fists clenched as he ground out, 'Skunk! You'd best scoot. I've another ready for you. Hit a girl's about all you can manage—mean cuss!'

But the wings of fear and the long legs of the 'mean cuss' enabled him to double round a corner at last, and deprived Sportie of the pleasure of another knock-out hit.

He returned quietly to his mother. As he did so a gentleman of awe-inspiring importance, radiating law from every button, stepped up and demanded the name, age, and address of the 'Junker' who had so rashly played Perseus in a strange land. Also the birthplace of his father and maiden name of his mother, a proceeding which somewhat alarmed the latter, till she saw the perfect calm and self-possession with which her small son was handling the situation. The representative of the law was evidently impressed also, and showed an unexpectedly human side, actually permitting a grim smile to flit across his features when he and Sportie parted with a flourishing of hats and bows. 'It was like a traction engine smiling,' Sportie observed to his mother.

As for the poor Andromeda, she regarded her small Perseus with scarcely less terror than her bullying tormentor, and at the first appearance of the officer of the law she melted from the scene, tears, pig-tail, and all, before Sportie had a chance of enquiring after her injuries.

'I'm terribly glad God didn't make me a German woman, or you either, mother,' remarked Sportie that same evening. 'You'd never credit the mean laws they've gotten for women in this country. That tough kid next me at dinner says this Kaiser, the cad, has fixed up a law that no woman may choose her own home after her husband dies, nor order the lives of her own children. Her husband's relations rule it all. He says women just don't reckon over here, and he seemed proud of it, though his own mother is one of the sufferers. I said, "That accounts for the fine, brave boys you turn out, no doubt," and do you know, mother, he never saw I was laughing at him; he just said, "Ach ja, so ist es gewiss." So I told him about that skunk this morning, and said what I thought about the Kaiser and his fine laws, and how I'd like to have him come to a free land like America for a spell and get him made over. We ain't on speaking terms now,' concluded Sportie.

Every day Sportie's mother saw the German prison looming larger and more distinct ahead. Her words of caution fell upon deaf ears, while in the French maid Sportie found an ever-ready sympathiser, prepared to cap with a worse one any tale of German delinquency or aggression.

Every day Sportie's vocabulary was increasing and his anti-Teutonic sentiments becoming more pronounced. The Prussian boy had denounced him for *lèse-majesté* to the hotel proprietor, and both he and his 'Frau Mutter' had changed their places to the furthest end of the table from that of the offender.

It was with a sigh of profound relief that Sportie's mother drank her last glass of German water and got her son safe out of the Fatherland.

Realising that if he was to have a pleasant visit to the old country it would be necessary to take up a less critical attitude, Sportie's mother got him to promise he would not say a word against Britain or Britishers while his foot was on English soil.

How hard it would be to keep this promise Sportie only realised on making the acquaintance of the two English schoolboys, Ned and Toby Browne, at the Henley Regatta. Not that he did not like them and they him, though he was several years their junior, but it was Sportie's first encounter with the battering ram of the English schoolboys' chaff, and the latter were restricted by no vows to respect the feelings of Brother Jonathan.

Sportie found himself suddenly made personally responsible

for all the actions, foolish or wise, not only of his government, but of every American of sufficient note to be mentioned in a newspaper, whether politician, speculator, yachtsman, or champion boxer.

'Look here, young Sportie—what have you got to say now? Listen to this.' And Toby would read out how Marcus Opp Golding had made a corner in wheat, and the consequent tribulation and disaster. Sportie, instead of searching for parallel cases of English enormity, mindful of his promise, would endeavour a special pleading, and offer ingenious explanations by way of defence. Or Ned would recount how football was played at Yale, and demand why America so shamefully travestied that noble game! Sportie feeling himself on safer ground with base-ball, would try to divert attention by trailing a herring across that track, but to Ned and Toby base-ball was a mere name, and as unworthy of serious attention as the pastimes of the Red Indians.

In questions of history Sportie generally came off with flying colours in spite of his vow, for cold historical facts and statistics could be stated without any but a silent inference, and Sportie had them all at his finger tips, which his adversaries had not. He caught Ned reading up 'Benjamin Franklin,' 'The Stamp Act,' &c., and laughed gleefully when he found the 5th Form Eton boy had never heard of the 'Biglow Papers.'

'It's all pretty fine, young Jonathan,' retorted Ned, 'but I'd like to know how you'd feel if war was declared to-morrow between England and America, come now?'

'I should feel vurry sorry for you Britishers,' answered Sportie with such genuine conviction everyone present cheered loudly for young Jonathan. 'Read past history, I won't say more, and I reckon your Generals 'ull allow you're less fit now by a long shot than you were in the days of Paul Jones and General Greene.'

Another time the chaff had been taken up all round at a lunch party, and the ten-year-old champion of America having kept them all at bay with his weapons of imperturbable calm and good humour, changed the current suddenly by observing to the company, 'I hope you've all noticed that I haven't said one word against your Britishers.'

'Jove! he's right,' said one.

And another, 'Sounds mighty like he could if he would, though!' And, 'Fire away, Sportie, my lad; don't spare us,' cried his host.

'No, sir,' said Sportie quietly, 'I promised I wouldn't, and

I'm going to stick to it. I only wanted you all just to remark the fact.'

'Right you are, Sportie—we do remark the fact, but, just for the interest of the thing, do you mind giving us your candid impression of this old country? Speak freely, we sha'n't be offended.'

Thus adjured, Sportie could not resist uncorking some of his hitherto carefully bottled up sentiments.

'Well, sir, I will say I do wonder some why you Britishers don't wake up a bit and get a move on before it's too late. Look how we're taking your trade—steel trade, tin trade, shipping. America's just walking away with the lot, and you don't seem even aware of it. Soon we'll have the steamers on your Thames and most of your big railway lines. Laud's sakes, do you want us to annex you right away?'

'We can manage our own steamers and railways, thank you, young Jonathan,' struck in Ned haughtily.

'Now don't get rattled,' said Sportie good-temperedly, 'but face the facts. I ask any unprejudiced person; just look at your train service—nearly an hour to come fifteen miles along this line, and if a race is on, all the traffic blocked at Victoria and the line congested for hours. Then your luggage. If you had our check system you wouldn't have lost your Gladstone yesterday, sir, now would you?' he appealed to the host.

'True, too true, Sportie! Fire away.' And Sportie continued.

'Well, then, the telephone! Fifteen calls ahead of you whether you tried Richmond, Maidenhead, or Henley this morning. And your London street cars and horses; and, O my, that antiquated Underground! Guess this old country of yours does want making over—now, don't you think so, sir?'

'Would you include the army and navy and House of Parliament in the making over?' asked his host.

'Well ——' Sportie hesitated, 'I guess you must be feeling pretty bad about the army just now, and it is a vurry embarrassing subject for me. I will own up candidly, I'd rather not touch it.'

There was a general laugh, in which Sportie himself joined heartily. We all agreed we'd better 'not touch it.'

'What are you going to be, Sportie?' asked his host.

'Well, sir, I've not gotten good and ready with that answer yet. I have thought of being a druggist,' Sportie answered

simply, 'and I have thought of being a millionaire.' (He paused as he mentally reviewed for the hundredth time the rival attractions of a scientific and a business career as exemplified by his two friends at home.) 'But whichever I conclude to go for,' he went on, 'I'll have no dealings with smoke or drink—no, sir, not much. I'll need a cool head and steady hand, and I guess tobacco and liquor are just a man's worst enemies.'

'A chiel amang us takin' notes,' observed someone, glancing round the table where all present sat convicted of dealings with one or both these worst foes.

'You may say that of your Manhattan cock-tails and corpse-revivers,' retorted Ned, 'but a good glass of English beer or an honest whisky-and-soda are often a man's best friend.'

'I guess they were often the Boers' best friend 'way in South Africa!' replied Sportie laconically. And again he had the impartial company with him, though one of them warned him he was sailing pretty near the wind if he intended sticking to the good resolve he had just expressed.

On the whole Sportie enjoyed Britain and the Britishers. There were red-letter days, such as a cricket match at Lord's with Ned and Toby, the Henley Regatta, a picnic by river to Runnymede and Windsor, and a day at the Tower of London, where he had what he described as 'the time of his life,' days which left with him a feeling of pride in his kinship to the Mother Country. So that on his return to America, though his appreciation of his own beloved land was strengthened tenfold, there were occasions when he was heard to incite his countrymen to nobler ends by holding up England in matters of sport for their (occasional) imitation, and brought upon his head in consequence the denunciation of 'Anglomaniac.'

His two friends, however, found no flaw in his patriotism.

'Thought you'd be crazy to stop in England and attend that school of Eton where the dooks go,' remarked Mr. Bowles.

And 'How about that English accēt, sonny—why, I'd just made good and ready to cure you of it, and I can't detect a sign! You've lost me fifty dollars to Mr. Bowles,' groaned the millionaire.

Sportie's answer to both was the same. 'Guess U.S. is good enough for me.'

C. E. MAUD.

A VISIT TO 'LE PROCÈS HUMBERT.'

RATHER upon the same principle that a certain Northumbrian grave-digger, who took his first holiday for many years, elected to spend it in seeing how they dug graves in the next parish, we this year began our long vacation by seeking a change from the Royal Courts of Justice and the Temple in paying a visit to the Palais de Justice in the French metropolis. The newspapers in England were full of the immense demand for tickets created by *l'affaire Humbert*, and of the 'thousands turned away' from the great *cause célèbre*; but we were provided with a letter of introduction to a very eminent Parisian *avocat*, and so we considered ourselves comparatively safe to find a place. The eminent *avocat* was of course a man whose time was most fully occupied, but he directed us to meet him at the *Vestiaire Bosc* (robing-room) at a quarter to twelve and promised us that he would do what he could to find us a place, though he had no power as of right to admit anybody except his own wife and sons. The general public had no places provided for it, and the Press had but few.

The 'dusty purlieus of the law' are not so dusty in Paris. Like most of the other public buildings of that lovely city, the Palais de Justice is worthy of the purpose to which it is devoted. We were directed along spacious corridors to the *Vestiaire Bosc*, and our protector soon made his appearance. He gave us in charge to his 'young colleague,' who politely conducted us—*via* the Bench—to the back of the Salle in which the 'Cour d'Assises de la Seine' was to sit that day.

This Salle was a long oblong hall. At one end—that where the Bench was situate—hung a large oil painting, representing the Crucifixion of our Lord. The seats immediately below the Bench were arranged at right angles to the Bench. The *avocats* talking together in the middle of the Court formed a group not unlike those formed by similar gatherings of the Bar at home. The absence of wigs, however, prevented the resemblance from being complete, and this lack was greatly emphasised when the judges themselves came in. Both the Bench and Bar remained

for the most part uncovered, though here and there was someone who wore his *barrette* from time to time. The *barrettes* of the judges were adorned with gold lace, while those of the *avocats* were plain: but in either case they appeared to us to fail in giving quite that appearance of dignity which a wig is calculated to bestow. In the middle of the Court, between the jury-box on the one hand and the seats reserved for the prisoners on the other, stood *la barre*, at which the witnesses were presently to give their evidence. At the back of the Court were the seats reserved for witnesses and the fortunate possessors of yellow tickets, who had come to enjoy the spectacle in the thorough way in which the French people alone can enjoy such things. Among the latter ladies on the whole predominated.

Large windows admit the beautiful fresh air and mitigate the oppression wrought by the unpleasing scents affected by a portion of the audience. The Gardes du Palais—a handsome-looking corps, though small in stature—maintain order and show people to their seats.

There is a door on one side of the Court, over which is painted the word 'Témoins'; and the witnesses who will be wanted during the course of each day were mustered together here by the 'huissier des témoins,' attired as an *avocat*, before the sitting of the Court. There is never to be any delay in producing a witness when he is called.

When the Court comes in, the prisoners are brought forward—four of them—attended by gendarmes. They are placed at right angles to the Bench and opposite to the jury. The judges in scarlet gowns, with M. Bonnet for their president, sit in a semi-circle on the bench, and are attended by an official in evening dress. Numerous visitors sit behind them.

The trial began on Saturday, August 8, and the indictment was read over, charging Thérèse Humbert, and Frédéric, her husband, and Émile and Romain Daurignac, her brothers, with swindling and forgery. The names of the witnesses had been read over—a long tale of them. Maître Labori, counsel for Thérèse, made a reasonable grievance of the absence of M. Cattani, the banker, whose information had brought about these criminal proceedings—a grievance which was subsequently removed.

To those accustomed to the administration of criminal justice in England and used to the same general scheme of procedure in all cases from a great trial at Bar to the hearing of the most

trifling summons in a rural Petty Sessions Court, it is intensely interesting to have all these rules of procedure suddenly taken out of account and to see how other peoples with other traditions and other notions go their way to achieve the same result. In France every stage is strangely different from our English usages.

The first stage is called *l'interrogatoire*, and this stage is perhaps the most startling of all to our preconceived ideas of justice. For not only does the prisoner have to undergo a severe cross-examination before anything at all has been proved against him, but this cross-examination is directed *imprimis* to matters quite other than the offence for which the prisoner is being tried. Thus Thérèse in the present case—the President called her 'Thérèse' in speaking to her, so we will use her Christian name also—is now a woman of forty-seven years of age. The first questions addressed to her by the President related to her conduct when she was a child of eleven or twelve, and to her having been then of a managing disposition. And then he asked her whether her father had not been a matrimonial agent! Thérèse answered with an irrelevant harangue. (In another recent French trial we read of the prisoner being asked in *l'interrogatoire* if he did not play truant from school when eight years old.)

There is no 'opening' speech from which the jury can understand the story put forward by the prosecution. They have to gather it from *l'interrogatoire*. *L'interrogatoire* is directed to show that (1) the prisoner is the sort of person to have been likely to commit the offence, and (2) that the prisoner did commit it. The prisoner is allowed to make as many speeches as she may please to prove the contrary if she can.

M. Bonnet, the President, in this case, put to Thérèse that the Daurignac family at her father's death were in straitened circumstances, that Thérèse told her future husband she had a fortune from Mlle. Baglac and a château called Marcotte, and that both the fortune and the château were illusory. Thérèse said they both existed. The fortune of Mlle. Baglac existed, but she could not realise it owing to 'extraordinary circumstances.' 'Was it not,' asked M. Bonnet, 'when her father-in-law was made Minister of Justice that she first spoke of a Portuguese fortune?' Thérèse said that it was earlier. 'The fortune came from Portugal, from Spain, from France—no matter.' Then M. Bonnet asked whether in 1884 or 1885 Thérèse bought valuable properties without paying for them. Thérèse here said that she was ill, and an

adjournment took place. M. Bonnet then asked her about the Crawford will, which, according to her, made Thérèse sole heiress to a huge property. According to her a second will of the same day was found in favour of Robert and Henry Crawford, nephews of the deceased. Then he asked her about the famous lawsuit with a non-existent will for its subject-matter and the non-existent Crawfords as one of the parties. After having gone through this now notorious story (which was the nearest thing to an opening that the jury had) he asked her whether she sold diamonds in 1901, and to what value? She said she didn't remember. M. Bonnet said he would assume it was 2,000,000 francs! He asked her about 'La Rente Viagère' (the Annuity Company) which she had started on the strength of her supposed riches, and which had proved a vast failure for the investors. She said she started it as an investment for her immense fortune. She was asked as to her flight from justice. M. Bonnet listened patiently to the long addresses which she gave in answer to the questions, though most of these were entirely irrelevant. She repeated continually that the Crawfords and the millions existed.

On the second day of the trial the *interrogatoire* was applied to Frédéric, the husband. Thérèse interrupted. She said she had *beaucoup de choses à dire*, and demanded to be allowed to speak. 'Promettez-le-moi,' she said. M. Bonnet said he must question her husband first. Thérèse said, '*Il est indispensable que je parle aujourd'hui. Je le veux.*' Labori tried to calm her, and at last, after hearing promises by her of the disclosures she would make, M. Bonnet was allowed to proceed. Frédéric represented himself as an artistic individual not interested in business, but declared he accepted the responsibility for all his wife had done, believing her honourable. His presence at the office, his constant use of the telephone, his letters, and other things were put to him to prove that he was in the full swing of the conspiracy. Thérèse continually interrupted with such remarks as '*Décidément, M. le Président, vous n'êtes pas pour nous.*'

Romain and Émile Daurignac were next closely cross-examined as to the part they had played in the conspiracy and the ruses they had employed to make people believe that the Crawfords existed and the millions existed.

L'interrogatoire came to an end, and the next step began—*les témoins*, the hearing of whom occupied many days.

The *avocats* have very little to do compared with what our

counsel do. They do not decide as the case goes on what witnesses to call and in what order. The 'huissier des témoins' calls all the witnesses, whether they come to speak for the prosecution or the defence. The witness when called advances to *la barre* in the middle of the Court, and is sworn by the President. Both the President and the witness lift their right arms to Heaven. The oath used is similar to the Scotch oath, or, as Mr. Justice Day called it, 'the sanitary oath,' used in our Courts by those who prefer to have no dealings with 'the Book.' When the witness is sworn he is told by the Court to *raconter*, and tells his story generally without assistance. Then Court, jury, all four prisoners, and all the *avocats* in the case are entitled to question him; and they all make long speeches rather than ask questions. Often they do not wait until their turn comes, and there is great confusion. M. Bonnet is like nothing so much as the skilful conductor of a great orchestra, whose part it is to see to it that each bar of the music is heard in its proper turn and no two bars together. His gestures and demeanour are eminently suggestive of such a task. He brings to it good temper and tact, and reminds one of the qualities which make a good policeman for regulating the traffic. What the French system of procedure requires of M. Bonnet we should say he does right well, and as speedily as adverse circumstances admit. Thérèse continues her long tirades, her promises (couched in most sensational language) of disclosures that will startle the world; the other prisoners break in; Maître Labori makes short speeches to the jury in a most musical voice and with that admirably natural use of gesture which we English are so slow to emulate. The French language is full of force and beauty when you hear him speak. Thérèse, with all the wildness of her nonsense, is a good actress and excites the audience with her declamations, though the laugh usually ends against her.

Cross-examination, in our sense of the word, there is but little. M. Bonnet calls the proceedings always *ces débats*, and indeed they are more like debates than anything else. The prisoner has at any rate one advantage which he has not in England—complete latitude to make a speech at the end of the evidence of every witness. And it is the adequacy or inadequacy of these speeches which determine his fate.

Want of space forbids us to give more than the most cursory history of what the witnesses said in this particular case. M.

Bérard was one of the oldest creditors; he said Thérèse was a young woman of good family. The widow Mérignac said Thérèse was always a little 'touched.' She spoke to her of a legacy from an Englishman she had met travelling. Mme. Millier said that Thérèse had spoken to her in very early days of an inheritance. She had, however, left Toulouse owing the witness fifty francs. Mme. Delotte early lent Thérèse money. Thérèse tried to mislead her on business matters. Thérèse promised her a copy of a will. M. Camp, an *avocat*, showed how he was deceived by false certificates. M. Ayme, now a *juge d'instruction* (magistrate), but formerly *avoué* (solicitor) to Thérèse, was questioned on similar matters, but was weak in memory. M. Parmentier, an *avoué* at Le Havre, had the pretended Crawfords for his clients and saw some one in 1885 who said that he was Henry Crawford. M. Auzoux was another *avoué* of 'the Crawfords.' M. Labat was an *avoué* for Thérèse. Maître Du Boit was retained as *avocat* for 'La Rente Viagère,' but had no occasion to act for the company. M. Pouillet, who had been *bâtonnier* or president of the order of *avocats*, advocated the cause of the Crawfords. He had not been surprised at the non-appearance of his clients, as they were Americans, but he now regrets what he did, considering that he made himself an *instrument à une colossale escroquerie*. M. Hennion, an official à la *sûreté générale*, went to Madrid to watch the accused: he thought Thérèse was the ringleader. M. Tissot, manager of a tobacco-shop, was an old friend of the Humberts and had lent them money. He had guarded the strong box supposed to contain the millions during their absence. Messieurs Legrand, Stein, Conderc, and Hoggard were handwriting experts, and discussed the question whether the Crawford letters were in the handwriting of some of the prisoners. M. Dechey, clerk to M. Dubois, recognised the prisoner Romain as having come to Bayonne. M. Trystaire proved Romain to have come for letters addressed to the Crawfords. M. le Conseiller Jacquin came to give the Humberts a character. M. Langlois, a notary, looked for persons to lend money to the Humberts, but began to doubt the existence of the millions. M. Delacheur also looked for lenders. Mme. Rodieu gave hearsay evidence of a loan to her relations. M. Granistadten said his father-in-law had lent a million francs. Messieurs Cotteau and Schottmans were creditors and described how they were induced to lend money. The brother of the latter had been murdered

and suspicion had fallen on members of the conspiracy. M. Duchange and M. Prouvost had lent money. M. Amigues had been convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy, but said it was a result of the Humbert frauds. M. Dumont had lent money on his own behalf: he had seen some one—not Romain—supposed to be a Crawford. M. Bonnard was the assignee in bankruptcy for the Humberts. The bankruptcy was declared on May 14, 1903. The liabilities were fifty million francs. The expenses of the Humberts during the last year were 173,000 francs, apart from dresses, carriages, and so forth. M. Armand Parayre saw a heap of bills in the strong box. Mme. Parayre had seen some one who purported to be Henry Crawford. M. Alexandre Parayre spoke of the value of Celeyrans, a property of Thérèse. M. Lanquert was *notaire* of the 'Rente Viagère.' M. Cattani came after all to give evidence at the insistence of Maître Labori. M. Gerard, a manager, said he had often seen the shares of the 'Rente Viagère,' but they were not distributed. M. Dumont was the cashier of the 'Rente Viagère.' He said that Emile was the *directeur* and Romain the *administrateur* of the 'Rente Viagère.' The witness negotiated 20,000 francs' worth of shares on May 7, the day of the flight of the Humberts. M. Vacher is the syndic of the 'Rente Viagère' and hopes to pay 50 per cent. M. Yohé was the accountant. Then came a series of witnesses called *les petits rentiers*—small investors in the 'Rente Viagère'—headed by Paré, an old man in a long blue blouse. These *petits rentiers* will lose nothing, as the notary will make good their losses. So high is the standard of honour among notaries in France that they often thus make good the losses caused by their insufficient watchfulness out of their own pocket, though not legally liable. Mme. Feron, Mme. Grenat, and Mme. Povic follow to the same effect. The last-named is erroneously called by the 'huissier des témoins' 'Mme. Bovic,' which causes huge merriment. M. Boursac, an upholsterer, gives the Humberts a good character. He had burnt some papers for them, but what they were he did not know. M. France spoke of the Humberts at Madrid, whither they took flight in May. M. Poncier was his deputy. M. Lemercier, a *juge d'instruction*, also gave evidence. M. Lépine spoke as to police measures. M. Duret, liquidator of the Bank Girard, spoke as to a particular transaction. Messieurs Paget, Petit, Harmann, and Passerien spoke favourably to the character of the accused. M. Renard, *premier président de la Cour des Comptes*, gave a eulogy of the character of the father of Frédéric Humbert, who

was Minister of Justice. M. Eugène Bernard said his brother had been accused by the Humberts of usury, and discussed that brother's dealings with them.

As many witnesses as there were, so many almost were the speeches of Thérèse and so many the scenes of 'debate' already described. The defence had come to nothing but mystification, promises, and invective. And now came the next stage, called *le réquisitoire*.

Le réquisitoire is the name given to the summing-up of the case for the prosecution by the *avocat général*. M. Blondel, the *avocat général*, in this case began by tracing the beginnings of the Daurignac family, the growth of their vast liabilities, and the story of the fraud of the Crawford lawsuit. He laid stress on the absence of original documents which the Humberts ought to have been able to produce. He spoke of the progress of the lawsuit and the compromise and of the fooling of the courts of law. He remarked: 'Ce n'a-pas été la faute des hommes, mais des événements.' He discussed the pecuniary dealings of the Humberts and their creditors. The legal offences he imputed to the prisoners were *faux*, *usage de faux*, and *escroquerie*. '*Faux*' he divided into two kinds: (1) *le faux matériel*, or forgery, and (2) *le faux intellectuel*, or '*usurpation de la personnalité d'un autre*.' *Escroquerie* consists of fraudulent manoeuvres such as the showing of false certificates and general defrauding of creditors. Then he discussed the evidence in detail as to the documents and otherwise, and he referred to the opinions of the experts in handwriting. He touched on the recognition of Romain Daurignac as the pretended Crawford, and he spoke of the constitution of 'La Rente Viagère.' He called attention to the luxury in which the Humberts had lived, and he made a violent attack upon the hypocritical wickedness of Thérèse. 'Avec quel sang-froid, avec quel souplesse féline elle sait profiter des circonstances! Elle est toujours maîtresse d'elle-même. Selon les situations, selon les gens en présence desquels elle se trouve, elle se fait tantôt altière, autoritaire, tantôt insinuante charmeuse'—at which Thérèse (with perhaps some aptness) interpolated '*Trop de fleurs! Trop de fleurs!*' The peroration concluded with an eloquent piece of invective against those who had made the decisions of judges serve as instruments of chicanery and spoliation. So ended '*le réquisitoire*.'

Next came *la plaidoirie*—the speeches of the *avocats* representing the prisoners.

First in order rose the illustrious Maître Labori, with his sleeves pulled back as though to emphasise his energy—as one who 'takes his coat off' for the fight. His position was a very strange one and quite without parallel, as far as we are aware, in the history of English advocacy. Maître Labori was counsel for the Humberts, and therefore for Thérèse. But Thérèse, in the course of her frequent harangues, had told the jury that she had an all-important secret which would explain everything, and *that she had told M. Labori the secret*, but that she herself would tell it them after *la plaidoirie* was done. Labori was forbidden to tell the secret!

He therefore began thus: 'Peut-être jamais défense ne s'est-elle présentée dans de semblables conditions, car après tous les témoins entendus il reste encore un élément d'appréciation qui n'est connu ni de l'accusation ni de la défense: le secret que Mme. Humbert se réserve de révéler elle-même. Elle m'a entretenu et j'en ai pu apprécier le sérieux et la gravité, mais il ne m'est pas permis d'en parler; car elle ne m'y a pas autorisé.' This speech was an appeal to the emotions—naturally enough, for he had no case on the facts. Not that he did not make the most of what facts he had, but he bound them together with strings of sentiment which would not perhaps be very valuable at the Old Bailey, but which suit the French people well. The speech was a fine specimen of its kind. He spoke of the early love of Frédéric and Thérèse, and of the continuance of his noble devotion to her. The male prisoner he sought to portray as '*l'artiste, le rêveur*,' while Thérèse he described as '*une femme exquise et bien digne d'être aimée*.' He gave the jury a notable aphorism: '*le vrai peut être parfois invraisemblable*,' and he cited Voltaire for definitions of truth and certainty.

After the President had made some observations on some improper statements made in the newspapers—an incident to which we are becoming only too well accustomed in our own country—Maître Clunet, representing Émile Daurignac, made his speech, and insisted that Émile at least believed in the genuineness of the inheritance. Maître André Hesse, for Romain Daurignac, insisted, in a speech which brought him much praise, that his client was his sister's innocent factotum.

These *avocats* all received *applaudissements*, but all seemed to feel that their case was a hopeless one.

The President asked the prisoners yet once more whether any

of them wished to add anything for their defence. All but Thérèse were silent, and she now made her great disclosure. It amounted, of course, to nothing at all—she identified Crawford with Regnier, a traitor of the past, supposed to be dead, but surrounded with some little mystery. So ended the last of her seemingly interminable speeches.

The President said, '*Les débats sont clos.*'

Then he read to the jury no less than two hundred and fifty-seven questions!

The jury retired for a long time. Then a bell rang, and, in the words of a French newspaper, '*l'emotion est à son comble.*'

The *chef du jury*, with his hand upon his breast, pronounces the customary oath, and reads the answers of the jury. The result is unfavourable to the prisoners. But they find extenuating circumstances! (What can these be? one wonders.)

Then Maître Labori makes certain technical objections.

The Court retires.

The sentences are five years *de reclusion*—a kind of solitary confinement—for Frédéric and Thérèse, and three years *de prison* for Emile and Romain.

So these swindlers are all punished after twenty years' enjoyment of their villainy.

The result, as will be seen, is attained in France by means altogether different from those which would be employed in England. It is very interesting to see how the minds of our neighbours work; and if we have said anything which appears disrespectful to the methods of the French, it has not been so meant—it has been but intended to show how different are their methods from those which we employ. We thank them for their hospitable kindness in letting us witness *ces débats*, and we congratulate them on the conviction of the 'charming' Thérèse and all her gang.

*DOGGEREL DITTIES.**THE BALLAD OF A FAIRE COUNTRIE.*

A Student, he read of a faire Countrie,
 Its forgotten Historie ;
 And he found these Records of ancient Lore,
 Which struck him most curiouslie.

• * * * * •

A People there lived in a faire Countrie,
 Owned Countries beyond the Sea ;
 But on these Possessions they set small store
 As their Statesman once spoke he :—

‘ Oh quite wide enough is our faire Countrie,
 Our Island set round by Sea :
 Our Colonies pall on us more and more,
 We’ll treat them contemptuouslie.’

But there came a Day when that faire Countrie,
 Had to fight beyond the Sea,
 A People by name and by nature Boor,
 O’er whom she had Suzeraintie.

Now quite unprepared was that faire Countrie,
 (We know it officiallie)
 Of Men and Material she had no store,
 In sorrowful Plight was she !

Then all undeserved of that faire Countrie,
 Came forward her Colonie ;—
 ‘ We are loyal and true to our Heart’s core,
 To the Death we’ll fight for thee !’

So the hearts of Men in that faire Countrie
 Beat warmlie and gratefullie ;
 ‘ We’ll be one in the Future,’ this they swore,
 ‘ In Imperial Unitie.’

But fickle were Hearts in that faire Countrie,
 And short was their Memorie.
 Their Insular Interests, when War was o'er,
 Re-absorbed them entirelie!

Then up rose a Man in that faire Countrie,
 A far-sighted Dreamer he:—
 'Forgetful your Hearts, ye need something more,
 To constrain Fraternitie,

'Descendants and Sons of this faire Countrie,
 Beseech you listen to me;
 If in the Future to Greatness you'd soar,
 Unite in a faire Treatie.'

A clamour arose in that faire Countrie;—
 'This Man is an Enemie.
 Our Hands are too full, why imperil more,
 Our Island's Prosperitie?'

Fear stricken were Men in that faire Countrie,
 And shrieking they'd all Trade Free;
 Their Colonies many voted a bore,
 And Imperial Unitie.

* * *

Here History is lost of that faire Countrie:
 What happened is Mysterie.
 But the Student, searching for further Lore,
 Unearthed this queer Prophesie.

'Take heed, oh ye Men of a faire Countrie,
 For ye shall have Chances three;
 For to strengthen your Empire more and more,
 Or lose it eternallie.'

'The first Chance shall come to your faire Countrie
 Thro' a Nation's Enmitie,
 When the Hearts of Men, all wounded and sore,
 Shall beat as one Familie.'

'The next Chance shall come to this faire Countrie,
When through her own Braverie,
She dares to face Problems and Risks galore,
To join Hands across the Sea.'

'The third Chance will come to the faire Countrie,
When sick unto Death is she ;
When the Hand is numb and the Heart is sore,
The Head must her Saviour be.'

'But Woe will befall, should this faire Countrie,
Dare neglect these Chances three ;
Though Head, Heart and Hand could her Weal restore,
And save her eternallie.'

* * * * *

Thus read the Student of that faire Countrie,
And a long time pondered he ;
Ere he set him down again to explore
Old Legends of Historie.

DOGBERRY.

A PASTORAL.

'Us wants more of they black pigs, and less of they black parsons,' is the motto said to be inscribed on the heart of the Berkshire agricultural labourer. It may be so. It is not given to that bird of passage, a *locum tenens*, to penetrate in one short month to the secret aspirations of his temporary flock. The only criticism upon which he may tremblingly venture is to the effect that the Berkshire labourer is singularly successful in dissembling his likes and dislikes, and bestows a remarkably excellent imitation of cordial welcome upon the clerical stranger.

The parish, the cure of whose souls was temporarily committed to the writer, is situated at the foot of the downs which bound the Vale of White Horse, and is therefore connected with English antiquities. It is the abode of two or three great racing stables, and therefore identified with English modernities. Indeed, when the writer mentioned in a working men's club in central London (in which much of his time is passed) the name of the village where he proposed to spend his holiday, no pundit fell into raptures over the glorious memory of Alfred, but a mocking chorus instantly arose, 'Send us the latest wires from the stables.'

These racing stables employ a large number of lads whose duty it is to attend to the needs, welfare, and training of the thoroughbreds which are placed under their care. Day by day long strings of horses pass through the village, ridden by these lads, going for long walks through the country by way of training. When the wayfarer meets one of these processions he must place himself in an attitude of unconditional and utter submission to the leading rider. An imperious gesture bids the cyclist dismount, or the foot passenger go slow, or the coachman take the wrong side of the road, and no one dreams of anything but instant obedience, for racehorses are skittish and excitable creatures, and easily moved to dangerous restiveness. Four or five miles away on the downs is the great galloping ground where, if you are a friend of the trainer and receive information from him as to the appointed morning, you may witness, at sunrise, speed trials and miniature race-meetings. There, too, you may see the furtive tout making notes, which will appear later on in the evening papers—especially in those which cry aloud that they are the true prophets

of social reform—as ‘So-and-so’s finals,’ or ‘Somebody’s treble,’ whereby the innocent van-boy and the confiding clerk will be encouraged to dispose of their scanty superfluous coin to the best advantage—that is to say, to the advantage of the thrifty book-maker.

Some of these stable-lads and apprentices are a source of keen interest to the vicar, and he took steps to impress this fact upon his *locum tenens*. A few days before the latter entered upon his duties he wrote to the vicar suggesting that it might be well for the two to meet in London, so that the deputy shepherd might be instructed in the ways and methods of the parish. The vicar retorted that it would be far better for the deputy to come down to the country and be instructed there. Controversy ensued, and ended (the deputy being a peaceful man) in the vicar getting his way. The visitor arrived at the vicarage, and then learned the true significance of the vicar’s obstinacy. Behind the thin veil of excuses concerning inventories, service books, and the like there loomed the stable-lads.

‘When I was on my honeymoon in the Lake district,’ said the vicar, ‘I took the opportunity of having lessons in Cumberland wrestling, and I’ve been teaching the lads the art. I want you to come this afternoon and give them an exhibition of heavy-weight wrestling with me. You see they’re hardly up to my weight.’ A glance at the vicar’s portly form, reposing in an armchair, contrasted with a mental vision of an embryo jockey, confirmed the last remark.

The exhibition was duly given, and the aching traveller hoped next day that the parochial results were worthy of the toil and pains bestowed upon them.

But ’twas ever thus. Years ago this thing had been foreshadowed. In those days the vicar was a South London curate, and his victim a heedless layman. The then curate was in love with work among boys, and had a company of the Boys’ Brigade mustering 150. Among other levers employed for the elevation of these youngsters was instruction in boxing. ‘Come,’ said the cleric, with a pleasant heartiness, ‘and let us give these lads an exhibition in hard hitting.’ He gave an excellent exhibition in hard hitting, and, while his opponent lay upon his back to stop the bleeding, explained lucidly to a circle of admiring youths how it was done.

The church stands in the centre of the pretty straggling village. From it radiate the roads, some trailing up the hills, some stretching away to the vale, and from the roads shoot off

little paths through the cornfields and fat pasture-lands. In days affectionately remembered by elderly farmers land on the downs was worth having, and rent then stood at twenty-four shillings an acre. Now it fetches seven shillings an acre. Such figures convey to the ignorant Londoner a clearer impression of what is meant by agricultural depression than many newspaper references to Blue-books will give him.

Round the church is the old churchyard, which lies several feet above the level of the roads. The oldest inhabitant is said to recall the time when churchyard and roads were level with each other, and it is believed that the burying-ground has been raised to its present height by many years of use. The promoters of this theory do not seem to have perceived the necessary corollary that the church must have floated up on the rising wave of ground.

A new cemetery has been secured and consecrated in recent years, and is beginning to lose the desolate look which an uninhabited burying-place presents. Far away from the other graves, in a lonely corner, in hope of resurrection to a happier life than this world offered, lie the mortal remains of one who in his lifetime lived most unhappily with his wife. Long time he endured, till he could endure no more. One anniversary of the wedding day the wife was from home. On returning she found an empty house and a brief letter: 'If you want me, look in the well.' The widow married again, and lives some considerable distance away; but from time to time she revisits the old home, and professes herself happy and comfortable.

The memory of another pitiful ending clings to the village. There is a stream which descends from the downs and meanders through the vale till it is lost in the great river. Near its bank runs the main road to and over the hills, and from this road may sometimes be seen in the gloaming the sorrowing ghost of the poor girl who drowned herself for the old sad reason.

The church is small, but pleasantly suggestive of quiet worship and peaceful, holy thoughts. Through the windows great green trees can be seen waving, and through the open doors come the song of birds, sights and sounds which are to some more beautiful than modern stained glass and the florid anthems patiently endured by tolerant congregations. There is a large memorial tablet inscribed with the names of the members of a family which lived long in the parish, and with the dates of their births and deaths. Most of the writing is undecipherable through age, but a few of the more modern additions can still be read. The last

survivor passed to his rest not long ago. Shortly before his death he revisited the home of his childhood, and went once more to the old church where he and his forefathers had worshipped. He was blind and unable to see the great tablet over the organ, but in answer to his request a ladder was fetched and he climbed up and traced the names with his finger. 'Ah,' he said at last, 'there is room for me,' and so went his way. A few months later the list was completed.

A stranger would, perhaps, remark that more perfect cleanliness and tidiness might possibly be achieved by a more liberal application of toil and soap. Inquiries on this point received a sufficiently silencing answer. The caretaker is a woman of business instincts. The pay in a poor village is necessarily small. When she is criticised, 'I cleans according to my pay' she replies, and the argument is closed. One can only think with longing of a certain urban parish where a bachelor vicar reigned supreme. As sometimes happens under these circumstances, there was an enthusiastic band of lady helpers in the parish. Did the vicar quail as other vicars have quailed? No; he was a brave man and a wise one, and he utilised the devout enthusiasm by enrolling a corps of voluntary church-cleaners. His church was a model of shining cleanliness.

The Sunday services are in striking contrast to those to which the clerical sojourner is accustomed in London. The parson stands facing the congregation, and he and they render the service heartily, with the clerk echoing deeply from the west end and the choir helping lustily in the chancel behind. The choir attracted the stranger's notice, and he made inquiries concerning some of the boys. 'Oh, yes, that lad in grey whom you ask about can sing quite nicely, only he can't read; and the boy next to him can read but can't sing; and the one on the other side is deaf.' Inquiries were prosecuted no further.

In the course of paying a pastoral visit to a dear old cottage-woman of eighty-three the *locum tenens* made a discovery which threw considerable light upon the vexed question why sermons do or do not please, as the case may be. The conversation turned on health, and incidentally the old lady remarked, 'You're stouter than the vicar, are you not, sir?' The visitor disguised his real sentiments as well as he could, and she proceeded, 'I was talking to a neighbour the other day, and she said, "Mr. — does look nice in the pulpit; he seems to fill it so."'

Tempora mutantur; her father—it must be nearly a century

ago—used to pay rent for land at the rate of 4*l.* per acre. He was one of the pioneers who introduced agricultural machinery, and was the proud possessor of nineteen threshing-machines which were worked by horse power. The fate of reformers overtook him, and his machines were broken up by misguided labourers. The blow was a heavy one to the farmer, and he never got over the disaster. It was strange to sit and listen to his daughter telling of those days which one generally looks upon as almost mediæval, and yet were all but within her own memory.

In just such a cottage as hers, and not far off, lives the oldest inhabitant of the village. A year ago he felt that the burden of age was becoming too heavy to be borne, and took to his bed in quiet expectation of the end. But Death chooses his own time, and the old man regained health. He kept thenceforward, however, almost entirely to his bed, varying the day only by an occasional hour at the window which looks into his garden and along the village street. The room which he occupies is spotlessly clean, is light and airy, and is kept cool in summer and warm in winter by the thick thatch which hangs like a shaggy eyebrow over the little window. Occasionally the clergyman visits him, and the old man will ask for passage after passage of the Bible, passages which he knows by heart and loves well, to be read to him. To him the sacred pages are an unspeakable comfort, and he waits and waits in calm confidence and sure faith.

The visitor, as he listens to him or lets his eyes wander round the room with its white walls relieved by homely texts, thinks of another sick-room which he used to visit in a London back street, endeavouring to carry help and comfort to a dying man. The street was mean and ugly and noisy, the house was filthy and offensive with the sickening, pungent smell of vermin and ill-health. The walls were alive; the sick man was tormented by the flies which crept over his face and into his eyes. He received the clergyman's ministrations without zeal and without resentment, indifferently. He awaited death without much hope and without fear. Well, God is the Judge and will know where to lay the blame for the dirt and ignorance of a forgotten corner of a densely populated parish, where an overworked vicar had tried in vain to minister to too many thousands of souls till one of the colleges established a church and mission in the most neglected district. Perhaps 'the system' is at fault in this case, as 'the system' is at fault in several other matters where no individual is ever found to be blameworthy.

A stranger from London visiting the country is, of course, struck at every turn by the contrasts between the great city and the little village, between the boundless desert of buildings with its few oases and the scattered groups of houses set in the far-stretching lands and overshadowed by the mighty sky. Out of the multitude of differences a few impress themselves sharply on the mind ; all the rest soon get taken for granted. In London one's sleep is broken by the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rattle of wheels ; in the country it is broken by dogs, poultry, and birds. In London it is the roads that outrage one's nose ; in the country it is the pigsty. These things one accepts without surprise. It is a law of nature that perfect quiet and perfect sweetness should be unattainable outside a hermitage. Two things, however, are a continual source of surprise and interest to the present writer in his temporary exile—namely, the strength of parish feeling and the low rate of wages. Compared with these things the rest sink into insignificance.

What does it matter to the man of towns what parish he lives in—except when the rate-collector leaves a demand-note ? How many Londoners could tell you at what point or in what street they crossed the parish boundary ? But in the country how different ! There the parish is a living and distinct unit. To be a parishioner is in itself an appeal to patriotism, to think of another parish or to mention it is to rouse latent hostility. This may be due to the mere elementary fact of distance, and to the necessity of walking a long way if you would reach another parish ; but if so, the effects seem out of proportion to the cause. It is conceivable that the laws relating to attendance at parish churches might be revived in this twentieth century with the approval of the country ; it is a fact that church rates are actually made there still by vestry meetings—made ? ay, *and paid*. Could parish feeling further go ?

In London the solitary authentic relic of local patriotism is to be found among bands of youths who fight with belts for the honour of their district against other bands from other districts. Perhaps a trace of the same feeling may be discovered in the desire for marriage and christening in the parish church under whose shadow the family lived for years, or even generations, till improvement schemes broke up the colony. A student of sociology would be surprised were he to search the registers of such a church as St. Giles-in-the-Fields and note the abodes of those whose names appear in their columns.

And the wages. The lowest weekly sum earned by a full-grown man in regular employment in London within the experience of the present writer was nineteen shillings a week, earned by a railway porter at a great railway terminus in a position beyond the reach of the tipping passenger. He had a wife and two children to support and six shillings weekly rent to pay. As a rule a pound a week was considered in that district to be the standard wage for unskilled labour. In Central London the rate of wages is fifty per cent. higher, but rents are higher too. In Berkshire an agricultural labourer earns eleven shillings a week. True, he pays little or no rent for his cottage, and he usually has a little garden from which he supplies himself with vegetables, but—eleven shillings! a wife, four or five children, boots, clothes, luxuries, tobacco, doctors, oil, fuel (with the summer price of coal standing at one and sevenpence the hundredweight) burials, and—eleven shillings! Years ago tea cost five shillings a pound, sugar cost eightpence, corn fetched fifty or sixty shillings a quarter, and the labourer's wage was then as now eleven shillings. Doubtless he thanks God that with the advent of Free Trade and owing to various causes beyond his knowledge prices have fallen, and that he now lives in luxury upon—eleven shillings.

It is said, by way of mitigation, that he gets Michaelmas money and harvest money. Perhaps the Berkshire labourer enjoys a different kind of human nature from the rest of us, never indulges in a harvest festival outside the church, but spreads out the money received at these special times over the rest of the year, like a little butter spread over a large slice of bread. It is also urged that he is fond of living on bread and bacon—in fact, that he likes his bacon fat and full flavoured. Possibly 'Spartan sauce' makes it palatable.

One thing at least shall be set down here to his credit. The writer, moving among the people for a short time, was begged from only once. The one beggar was a stranger from another parish. A month does not permit sufficient experience to justify generalisations, but what clergyman ever worked for a month in London without receiving endless tales of want and woe?

No sketch of the village would be complete without a passing reference to Don, who lies outside the study door waiting for any sound which can be construed into an intention to take a walk. Don is the vicarage dog. His head recalls mastiffs, his hind legs are associated with St. Bernards; it would require an expert to

interpret the rest of him. Suffice it to say that whatever races are represented in his big body are represented only by their virtues. Don has but one weakness, an insatiable appetite for hard exercise. You take him for a gentle stroll after breakfast, and all the rest of the morning he lies in wait for you. Is the door opened by the maid who brings in the letters? In comes Don, with a tail that clears the room, to fetch you out, departing reproachfully when you explain that next Sunday's sermon will not brook these interruptions. You come from your lunch intending to steal forty winks over the newspaper, but Don is too much for you. Whack! Whack! Whack! goes his great tail from side to side of the hall, and his big brown eyes, from which all their habitual sadness is for once banished, beam at you till you yield feebly. Don casts a hasty glance in passing at the cat enjoying her frugal meal; two long red licks—the plate is empty, and Don is half-way down the drive before pussy has completed her opening remarks. Down the village street he takes you, past thatched cottages, past cottages with red tiles, past cottages now beginning to appear with slate roofs, past cottages, *horribile visu*, which have their outlying portions covered with galvanised iron, past the inn from which two friends, a St. Bernard and a retriever, run out to play (but Don says coldly, 'Go away, can't you see I've got a man to look after?'), and so far away over the downs or through the vale. Flop, flop, flop go the great paws, eating up the miles; splash, splash into every stream that we cross; longing eyes are fixed on the sheep in the meadow; who so happy in the three kingdoms as Don?

And he is shrewd, too. Get your bicycle half an hour before lunch and he will join you. He knows perfectly well that you are going only to the market town. Get your bicycle in the early afternoon, and Don looks at you wisely. If you get out both bicycles he will accompany you, for he knows that his mistress will accommodate her pace to that of a heavily built dog who was never meant by nature to run very far or fast. But if you go alone he comes with you, with a great show of devotion, as far as the gate. There he vanishes. He knows quite well what a man's bicycling is when he is out for hard exercise.

'Down, Don! Down sir! Get away, you old nuisance, can't you see I'm busy writing? Get away—what on earth do you want? Ah well, I suppose I must—where are my hat and stick?'

H. G. D. LATHAM.

POETIC JUSTICE.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—SHAKESPEARE.

All my lifetime I have found that many things have a curious habit of coming out very much as I expected.—Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A WRITER in the 'Saturday Review,' in searching for a measure of supreme greatness, finds himself in the face of an astonishing result. The world-man, to borrow the reviewer's expression, is the man who 'transcends the reputation of his nation and his country.' In other words, the supremely great are those whose names are established by the homage of races and of generations other than their own. They win the suffrages of the civilised world by virtue of their having brought some new thing into the lives of men. They have 'given to humanity new conceptions of the world in which they lived and the life with which they were surrounded.' Applying this test, the reviewer proceeds to make up a list of undoubted world-men. For England, Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin; for France, Napoleon and, possibly, Pasteur; for Germany, Luther and, possibly, Goethe; for Italy, Michael Angelo, Dante, and Titian; for Spain, Velasquez; for the Hebrews, St. Paul; for Rome, Julius Cæsar; and for Greece, Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and Pheidias. It is in the face of this result that his perplexity arises. He is at a loss to account for the fact that the artists bulk as large as the men of action.

In what manner (he asks) have Shakespeare and Pheidias revolutionised thought, and given to humanity a new conception of the world? Might we not say that Homer and Shakespeare should be ranked with Pheidias and Michael Angelo and Velasquez and Titian as artists, and ask in what way do artists revolutionise thought and give new conceptions to the world?

By all means let us range the poets and the artists together, and include the men of thought and science with the men of action. We can then put it quite bluntly, and ask, Why does the world value the artists as much as the men of action? What is it that the works of the artists give to the world which it values at this apparently exorbitant price? Plato gave the world the philosophic, Aristotle the scientific, conception of man and man's activities. Cæsar gave the civilised world five centuries of ordered government, and a tradition that still serves to measure the success of nations. Napoleon broke up the old order in Europe, and became the founder of the new. Newton gave the

law of gravitation, Darwin the law of evolution. But what has Shakespeare or Homer, Michael Angelo, Dante, or Velasquez given us? If their gift be a conception of life, then what conception, and how does it benefit mankind? It is the question that Plato put to Homer:

Homer, if you are not twice removed from truth in respect of virtue (as being the producer of a representation and, therefore, an imitator as we have defined the term), but once only, and if you were therefore capable of knowing what practices make men respectively better or worse as individuals and as members of a state, can you tell us of any city which has received an improved constitution from you, in the sense in which Lacedæmon was improved by Lycurgus, and many other cities, both great and small, were improved by many other men? What city acknowledges its indebtedness to you as a righteous lawgiver and a general benefactor? Italy and Sicily thus acknowledge Charondas, and we Solon; does any community acknowledge you?¹

The answer which Homer's advocate might make to-day would have equally astonished both Homer himself and Plato.

No single city, no one race (it might run) acknowledges me as its lawgiver; but I am known in all cities, and among all nations of the civilised world. Peoples of whom you never heard, countries of whose existence you never dreamed, acknowledge me. From Lisbon to Petersburg, from London to Constantinople; in New York, Sydney, and Capetown—wherever the arts and literature are studied, I am enthroned in the hearts of men as securely to-day as I was yesterday in Hellas.

But why is it that Homer is now esteemed a world-man, while we feel that the merit of Lycurgus and Solon would be fittingly recognised by a seat in the House of Commons? What, once more, is it that the artists give to the world that it thinks of equal value with the great practical gains achieved on its behalf by the men of action?

The answer is not, indeed, that they have given a new conception of life, but that they keep alive, renew, and enlarge, a conception of life without which life would not be worth living. It is the vital and vitalising belief that there is a higher morality than the morality embodied in the actions of the men and women that we know, a higher beauty than the beauty which we see in man and nature.

It is this conception of life and nature—this divine discontent with the things of to-day, and this divine hope in the things of to-morrow—that lies at the bottom of all the processes and all the results of the artist mind. By holding this belief before mankind the artists show the goal to which the race must advance. They bid it advance; they help it to advance.

¹ *Republic*, p. 597 (St.). As translated by the author in his *Principles of Criticism*.

So far as creative literature is concerned the conception is expressed in two ways. It is embodied in the particular method of representing reality by composition in words, which poetry—and all creative literature—employs by virtue of being an art: and it is directly presented in obedience to the principle of 'poetic justice.'

Even in the department of history the conditions of literary composition—apart from any artistic canon—cause the writer to select his materials; and make his work a representation not of all the transactions of a given period, but of its most conspicuous events and persons. The historian's conception of life is, therefore, higher than that which is presented in the Bluebook and the Law Reports. But the poetic conception is still higher. The selection of materials here is accomplished in pursuance of an artistic principle, the principle of idealisation. The historian selects the real from the real. The poet selects the real with a view to the ideal. Action is the salient in the landscape of human life: and as such it is emphasised by the makers of fiction, poet, dramatist, and novelist. The life that the characters of the poet live is more strenuous than the life of the men and women that we know; their actions are more various, their opportunities are more splendid, their endowments are more ample. It follows, therefore, that on this ground alone the conception of man's nature and destiny which is presented in the compositions of the poet and novelist must be a higher conception than that which is presented by the historian, whose record of events and persons has not been thus refined and sublimated. Not only so, but the artist must compose. By the plot, or fable, of the piece, the poet makes us see human action in its completeness—the thought, the act, the result, are all focussed to an equal sharpness.

But definiteness is given to the artists' conception of life not by selection, but by idealisation. The artist not only selects from the materials supplied by nature and real life; he improves and embellishes these selected materials. The idealisation which inspires the compositions of all the fine arts alike assumes in creative literature the specific form of poetic justice. And, as poetry is the most articulate of the arts, we may take the arrangement of human affairs in agreement with poetic justice as the most definite expression of the artists' conception of life and nature. It follows, therefore, that it is by an examination of the nature and validity of poetic justice that we are most likely to find an answer to the questions with which we started—What is the

conception of life and nature that the artists give to the world? and Why does the world rank this conception as high in value as the conceptions of life of which it has become possessed through the political reforms of a Julius Cæsar or the discoveries of a Newton?

And so by following the ingenious argument of the Saturday Reviewer we find ourselves committed to a formal defence of poetic justice. Poetic justice—that doctrine which, like some mediæval fortress, has been periodically demolished through the centuries only to be rebuilt by successive captains upon a more ample scale; whose defences are to-day stronger than they ever were, although in accordance with the conditions of our modern warfare its effective batteries are hidden out of sight, and the guns that look so imposing to the innocent traveller are useless pieces which have been left in position merely because it is worth no one's while to pull down the bastions on which they are mounted. For in spite of a thousand assaults—in spite of critical analysis, savage ridicule, and delicate satire—the principle of poetic justice remains securely established by agreement with the general sense of mankind. The people love a happy ending in play and novel. And they are right, for the principle of poetic justice is based upon an elemental truth. Behind the instincts of the crowd there is an eternal verity. It is that truth of the superiority of mind over matter which Plato asserted with all the passionate longing of his idealistic nature, that essential difference between the poet's and the historian's outlook on life which Aristotle detected; that revelation of the Infinite that gives the free workings of the human mind the unconscious bias towards perfection to which Bacon assigns the merit of poetry.

Poetry . . . is nothing else than Feigned History. . . . The use of this feigned History hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man on those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts and events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of men, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical. Because history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution and more according to revealed providence. Because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness and more unexpected and alternative variations. So as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conformeth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of

things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind into the nature of things.¹

Plainly the poetic conception of man and his destiny, as thus presented, does not correspond with the facts of life in the sense in which the new conceptions based upon the law of gravitation, or upon the political movements which accompanied the establishment of the Principate, correspond with those facts. It is not intended to do so. The tired man, who lays down his work with a sigh and murmurs, 'if only it would all come right like that,' is not deceived into any literal acceptance of the hope with which he is inspired; for the distinction between the world of the imagination and the world of reality is too openly avowed. Even where the representations of poetry are based upon experience it is the experience of the chosen few, of the most richly gifted in intellect and artistic endowment, that forms the poet's material, and not the experience of the average man and woman. How comes it then, that such representations are valuable to mankind? How justify man's preference for the artistic conception of life in spite of his inability to realise its assets in the current coin of every-day experience? Only by remembering the effect of mind upon matter. *It doth raise and erect the mind.* . . . But if the mind is impotent before matter, what use to 'raise' it?

Now the indirect action of mind over matter is admitted, although it is seldom recognised in all its bearings. For while the power of the will is a familiar factor, the action of the subconscious mind (to borrow a term from the Psychical Research Society) is rarely admitted to rank in the equations by means of which we calculate our own chances of success, or compare them with those of our neighbours or our adversaries. Sentiment is to the nation what the will is to the individual. It is sentiment that makes all ranks and classes of a community co-operate in a common object, just as the nerve current originated by the will brings the eyes, hands, and feet to the instant service of the brain. But apart from providing a definite impulse towards a given purpose the mind may put the body into fighting trim in other ways. When we read the works, or view the pictures, of the artists we can surround ourselves with the atmosphere that the artists breathe. That is an atmosphere of hope and beauty—of strength and serenity. We should owe a debt to our poets and artists if their work brought pleasure only. But the soothing of the senses, the stimulating of the intellect, would not be enough in itself to make men go and wrap themselves in the thoughts that Shakespeare, or

¹ *Advancement of Learning*, II. 4, 1-2.

Michael Angelo, or Turner gives us. The works of the artist do more than this. They bring into our minds the buoyant and revivifying conception of man and his relationship to the seen and unseen world which we have identified with the principle of poetic justice. For proof we have the fact that if this higher conception of life and nature is not present in any work of art, men are instantly conscious of the void. From such works they do not get what they want. In spite of technical skill there is something lacking—something which they find in the work of the world-artists, and in a lesser degree in that of all who follow in that brilliant train. It is just here that the achievements of the so-called realists in art and literature fall short. The conception of life which men find in their works is not the conception that they require. Instead of a conception of life in which the common facts are refined and ennobled by an underlying assertion of an ascertained relationship between the seen and the unseen, the temporal and the eternal, they find one which in no sense differs from that other conception which they know only too well as the record of their own daily round of toil or pleasure. Zola is a case in point. A Titan among realists, his work is technically immaculate. He fails solely because he has excluded the artists' conception of life from his pages. We come to him for bread, he gives us a stone.

This indirect action upon the mind, when fully understood, will go far to justify a belief in the utility of the artistic conception of life. But can we not go further than this? What Addison did for the 'appeal to the imagination'¹—give it root and bottom by connecting it with the doctrine of the association of ideas—can we not do for the principle of poetic justice—give it root and bottom by connecting it with the psychological doctrine of 'expectancy,' and the therapeutic action of the mind upon the functional disorders of organic matter?

Let us put it in this way. The life of the individual is made up of two sets of circumstances. The first set is composed of those circumstances which he is himself able to control, and for his action within this sphere he is himself morally responsible. The second consists of circumstances that are beyond his control, which no effort of his will can change or modify, and for which, therefore, he is not morally responsible. Now it is obvious that if he believes

¹ It is this Talent of affecting the Imagination that gives an Embellishment to Good Sense, and makes one Man's Compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all Writings in General, but is the very Life and highest Perfection of Poetry. *Spectator*, 421.

that this second set of circumstances, due to material and social conditions produced by other wills than his own, are favourable to him, this belief will incite him to make exertions which he would not otherwise have made—exertions which, except for this belief, he would have regarded as being useless—and it will give greater energy to those efforts which he makes for the purpose of achieving objects which are partially or entirely within the sphere of his own control. Poetic justice tends specifically to make him believe that this is the case by representing the ultimate control of this second set of circumstances to lie in the hands of a power which is guided by the principles of conduct which he venerates under the name of Religion. And so in Matthew Arnold's phrase, God is 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.' For the devout man, therefore, the fear of the daily conflict between the individual will and circumstances is thus wholly removed. *In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*

But the principle of poetic justice—or, more precisely, the literary presentation of the facts of life as influenced by this principle—exercises a general and more far-reaching effect by presenting to the world a picture of men whose action, so far from being paralysed, is favoured and promoted by this second set of circumstances; that is to say, by circumstances not under the control of the individual will. Sometimes circumstances favour the bold or fortunate; more often the individual emerges triumphant by force of will from a conflict with adversity. Success is won in spite of material obstacles, and happiness comes to them, as Miranda came to Ferdinand, through tempest and shipwreck :

Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine.

And how amply the artists reward the children of their genius for their sufferings in this conflict with adverse circumstances! Goldsmith brings Dr. Primrose back from his prison house, and seats him once more by his 'cheerful fireside.'

My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for—all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

In their own special sphere of love they are lavish. Charlotte Brontë fills the women's hearts of her sensitive creations with the passionate vibrations of an ideal love :

'Jane suits me,' says Rochester, 'do I suit her?'

'To the finest fibre of my nature, Sir.'

And Lucy Snowe :

He gathered me near his heart. I was full of faults, he took them and me all home.

Thackeray rewards the self-sacrifice of Esmond with a sense of assured affection that justifies the bold avowal :

Sure, love *vincit omnia* ; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name.

And the higher artists strike a deeper note :

'There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by,' is the lesson that George Meredith's wayward Diana learns and teaches. And Shakespeare :

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

And again :

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

A mind impregnated with such examples can scarcely fall a prey to pessimistic inaction, and 'pause in loneliness and disbelief.'

It is in this way that the operation of the artistic conception of life upon the mind becomes a powerful and beneficent factor in the life of the individual, and through the individual in the life of the community. The attitude of an individual towards the business in which he is engaged, towards a natural function or an every-day task, even the whole trend of a life may be modified, or entirely changed, by the presence in his mind of a poetic picture of the like events happening with definitely portrayed results to a person whose circumstances are similar to his own. And here we join the main current of Matthew Arnold's plea, that the Bible should be treated as literature and not merely as a basis for dogma. Just as Plato pointed out the absurdity of identifying the current theology of the Greeks of his day with the actions of the Gods as described in the Homeric poems, so Matthew Arnold asserts that it is the conception of life which the Bible contains, and not the machinery of prediction and miracle that constitutes its supreme importance to mankind.

It is worth while to transcribe a few of the expressions which he uses, since they serve to show how completely the Biblical tradition is carried on in the works of the great masters of creative literature through the principle of poetic justice. Man

cannot do without the Bible, he writes, 'because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible.' Popular religion owes its power in part to the circumstance that it employs a language which is *approximate*, not scientific; and 'in all expressions of religious feeling approximate language is lawful, and indeed is all that we can attain to.' The value of the definition of God, as 'the Eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness' lies in the fact that 'it leaves the infinite to the imagination, and to the gradual efforts of countless ages of men, slowly feeling after more of it and finding it.' And again he quotes the words of Davison, 'Conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms; it is conscience and the *issue of things* which go together,' and adds, 'it is so; and this is what makes the spectacle of human affairs so edifying and so sublime.' Now here is a vindication of the principle of poetic justice as significant as Bacon's. Under the influence of this principle, the works of the creative artist in literature exhibit not indeed the 'present constitution of things,' but the 'issue of things;' and the conception of life which is thus presented is one which is felt to be nearer to man's conscience, to his true self, than any other.

There is, however, one form of creative literature in which the principle of poetic justice cannot be applied. In the tragedy,¹ the object of the poet can only be attained by weaving a plot which ends in a disaster; since in this form of literature it is not the alternate sunshine and shower but the thunderstorms of life which are exhibited. The essence of the tragic motive is not the conflict between man and circumstances, but the terrible spectacle of a man neither better nor worse than his neighbours suddenly overwhelmed by undeserved and unexplained disaster—undeserved, because the disaster exceeds the punishment which human justice would assign to his fault, and unexplained, because it is impossible to connect such sinister events with the belief that the universe is governed by an all-wise and all-powerful Deity.² But with this exception, creative literature in all its forms, by moulding its plots in accordance with poetic justice, conveys to the world the stimulating belief that the individual will is a more potent factor

¹ 'Tragedy' is not confined to the dramatic compositions so-called, but includes a piece of narrative poetry or prose-fiction, in which the object of the writer is to exhibit pathos as expressed in plot.

² The reader who may be interested in this point is referred to the *Motive of Tragedy*, published in the *Cornhill* of Oct. 1901.

in the life of man than circumstances, that right conduct is happiness, and wrong doing identical with misery. The approximation of mankind to the standard of poetic action is, therefore, an advance in energy and happiness.¹

It is this exaltation of the individual that gives to the appeals of the religious teacher the power which they undoubtedly exercise over the coarsest and most ignorant natures; while the simple diction, the dramatic expression, and the anthropomorphic directness of the sacred writings make the Bible a supreme medium for the communication of ethical ideas of the highest significance. But apart from the service which the Bible thus performs, it has been pointed out as long ago as the time of Addison that the practice of religious observances can be connected directly with certain material manifestations which can be referred to known psychological processes. 'The Devout Man,' Addison writes, 'does not only believe but *feels* there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of Him; his Experience concurs with his Reason; he sees Him more and more in all his Intercourses with Him, and even in this Life almost loses his Faith in Conviction.' That is to say, the man who wraps himself by religious observances in the atmosphere of religious thought has actual sensations of the same kind, although they differ in degree, as those which the presence of the Deity in physical form would produce in him. *Subjectively* the existence of the Deity is a proven fact. And his existence is a phenomenon of which proof by subjective evidence alone may be received. God is mind, and He operates upon matter only through mind. It is as unreasonable, therefore, to expect objective proof of the presence of God, as it is to expect to see the effort of the will, which makes the arm rise to do its bidding, in a materialised form. A materialised effort of will is as inconceivable as a materialised Deity: both are known to us by sensations that are solely subjective. The results of an effort of will, from the change of brain matter to the stimulation and contraction of the muscles, are materialised; and the results of God's existence are materialised in all the processes of nature. But the originating effort of the will, the primal manifestation of

¹ In view of a recent assault upon the theory and practice of a 'classical' education, it is worth while to notice that a course of study, in which the literary masterpieces of Greece and Rome hold a foremost place, may reckon among its advantages the fact that it gives the poetic conception of life to those who are trained under its régime. On this ground alone our system of classical education ought not to be lightly abandoned in favour of a 'business' education.

the Ego, is no more revealed to us by objective sensation than the presence of the Supreme Being in the Universe. We depend, therefore, for our belief in both of these central facts—the existence of the ‘self’ as distinct from the organic matter in which the action of the self is manifested, and the existence of the Deity—upon the presence of certain subjective sensations. The validity of the principle of poetic justice is established by precisely the same kind of evidence. The artists’ conception of life, which we have identified with the principle of poetic justice, gives expression to subjective sensations—sensations, that is to say, for the origin of which no mere experience of objective reality is sufficient to account.¹

It remains for us to consider whether the emphasis given to the power of the will by the principle of poetic justice can be regarded as consistent not with the facts of life, but with the actual conditions of man’s nature as made known to us by science. Does the mind act upon the human organism—upon organic matter, that is—not merely in the sense of producing subjective sensations, but directly in the sense of producing ascertainable physical effects? What we want here is evidence of something more than the psychological factor of ‘expectancy.’ Briefly put, the doctrine of expectancy is this. Given the same physical conditions, or the same material circumstances, the man who expects that a particular result will be brought about will have a better chance of effecting his purpose than the man who has no such expectation. In the case of certain diseases the action of the mind as tending to assist or retard the material remedies employed is perfectly well recognised by medical science. The mental attitude called ‘cheerfulness,’ producing brisk action of the mind, which in turn produces brisk movements of the body, and, on the other hand, ‘depression’ or ‘anxiety,’ producing a congested or sluggish state of mind—‘absence of mind’ one phase of it is somewhat curiously called—have an influence upon health which is not disputed. Again, physical tasks, deemed impossible under normal conditions of the mind, have been performed under the stimulus of high emotion. But can the action of the mind go further than this? Can a state of mind, produced by an effort of will, itself bring about the actual physical conditions by which it is

¹ God is a being in whom we exist; with whom we are in principle one; with whom the human spirit is identical, in the sense that He *is* all which the human spirit is capable of becoming.—T. H. Green, *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 198.

ordinarily accompanied? Or more definitely still, can the will not merely accomplish its purpose by mental influences, but itself set in motion the same physical processes as would have been produced by the material causes proper to these processes? Can the sick man not merely imagine himself cured, but actually make the body whole? Can the whole man actually contract in his own person a disease by letting his mind dwell upon a particular disorder? Apart from the use of hypnotism in medical practice, and the phenomena of Faith Healing (to which I shall subsequently refer), there are recorded instances of both the one and the other. An example of the first case is mentioned in the journals of the Psychical Research Society. In Canada twelve lepers, abandoned as incurable by medical science, were given bottles, the contents of which, they were told, were certain to cure them. Nine out of the twelve were cured; although the bottles contained no drug, but only coloured water. The second case is illustrated by the well-established example of the French prisoner, who, being condemned to die by the guillotine, was employed as the *corpus vile* of a scientific experiment. His eyes were bandaged, and he was told that the sentence of death passed upon him would be put into effect by bleeding him to death drop by drop. A puncture was made, and drops of water, which the condemned man took to be his own blood, were heard falling one by one into a vessel. Nevertheless, although no blood was withdrawn, the action of the man's mind was so powerful that he died under the physical conditions of a man bled to death.

These and similar instances of the direct action of the mind upon organic matter have acquired a new significance from the appearance of the phenomena of Faith-Healing. The only circumstance that differentiates the effects produced by the Christian Scientist healers from the same class of phenomena as observed and recorded by medical science, is the fact that in this case what is produced by the action of the mind is referred to the interposition of the Deity. That is to say, we have to-day a religious community whose members allege that the class of phenomena described in the New Testament are reproduced among them, and reproduced by the same methods and agency. The whole content of Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health*, is represented by the statement, repeated with wearisome iteration in a farrago of illiterate science and misty metaphysics, that 'God is more powerful than matter.' But however inexplicit their creed

may be, their practice is definite enough. They refuse the use of drugs, and even of surgical assistance, and depend solely upon the action of the patient's mind (as possessed with the sense of God's omnipotence conveyed to him by the repeated formulæ of the 'healer'), and upon the recuperative processes of nature for the accomplishment of their purpose. They also assert that the cure can only be effected in the person of one who believes implicitly in the truth of their statements, and trusts solely to the agency of their 'healers.'

In the presence of phenomena such as this it is difficult to see what limit need be set to the operation of the will by a branch of literature which reproduces thought mainly in the terms of action. When men themselves can in every day life assign to the agency of the mind a power which religion has universally identified with God, the poet is surely justified in representing the will as a factor more powerful than circumstances in the life of the individual. The practices of the Faith Healers, although they can be regarded only as empiric, have possessed adherents in all ages of the world. And we are now confronted with the fact that the belief in the possibility of supernormal occurrences of the kind in question has a subjective basis valid enough to make the modern mind accept as a familiar conception what is, indeed, nothing more or less than the 'Miracle' of the New Testament. It is beyond the power of science to explain the working of a process the belief in which is nevertheless thus firmly established in human consciousness. To do this—to explain how mind can act directly upon matter—would be nothing less than to exhibit the link which unites mind and matter, God and man: in a word, to reveal the mystery of life itself. Were it not for the artists' conception of life, the soul of man would droop before the awful mystery in which its destiny is thus enshrouded. The presence of this conception is witness that the process by which one day the Imperfect will be merged in the Perfect is actually going on around us. The artists' conception of life is, therefore, no mirage of the desert, but a Pisgah outlook upon a land of promise—distant but real. Is it strange that we should hold this mountain view of life more dear than any spectacle of life among the tents?

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

THE LAPSE OF THE PROFESSOR.

IN that memorable year of grace 1805, at the commencement of the great defensive campaign which was to end at Trafalgar, it is written in naval chronicles how the French Admiral Villeneuve ran his squadrons before the fury of the winter gale, and successfully carried the Toulon Fleet through the Straits of Gibraltar, slipping warily away even to the Western Indies. The strain of weary uncertainty once over, the greatest of British sea-captains flung his fleet into that sagacious and untiring pursuit which is history for all time. Never faltering through the long days of chase, conscious that 'to be burnt in effigy, or Westminster Abbey' was the alternative, Nelson drove the enemy headlong back from Antigua, saved the West India Islands by the mere terror of his coming, and hustled the Emperor's warships to their October doom. Amid the storm and turmoil of a great war side-episodes are oft forgotten. Yet of one an echo lingers still. It is this.

It fell to the lot of a small British brig-of-war to confirm the momentous news of the hasty flight of the Toulon Squadron back from Martinique to Europe. Her commander was a young officer to whom the West Indies were well known. The Admiral, whose continual cry was, 'I am distressed for frigates,' sent for him to impress the urgent need for further intelligence. Those were times of rapid promotion under the eyes of Nelson. The young officer received orders to overtake and dog the hostile fleet to the uttermost end of the world if necessary. Every stitch of canvas was crowded on the brig, and for one long night he followed. Then he disobeyed.

On the shore of a land-locked bay, under the shadow of a grim volcano, he knew that a girl was waiting for him. Betrothed by her parents to a man she hated, the girl had met the English sailor to love him. He, on his part, had vowed to her solemnly that no power above, below, should hinder his return to claim her in time. Now he was suddenly ordered to Europe.

With the dawn he altered the brig's course and stood in to the island where she lived, ostensibly to fill water-casks. In those

days there were two entrances to the rocky anchorage off the little town amid the arrowroot plantations. While his crew chafed at the delay their commander, lingering on shore with his loved one, saw a hostile frigate crowding down upon his little craft. He managed to board his own vessel as the 24-pounders opened the fray. Taken at a disadvantage in harbour, by a superior foe triumphantly sure of victory, the small brig offered the most desperate resistance. The story runs that the moment of the commencement of the fight coincided with a terrible eruption from the volcano dominating the island. Amid the whirling smoke-wreaths from the guns the combatants fought on regardless of the far more awful thunder of Nature's artillery. Sponging, ramming, firing with desperate energy, they were heedless of the flaming mountain and the rocking earthquake of that one wild day. Battle lanterns lit up the unnatural gloom around the dead and dying. The French warship, caught by a tidal wave, was hurled at last on to the rocks at the entrance to the harbour. It is said that her rotting timbers can be discerned even now in calm weather under the clear waters of a placid sea. Still, the tale is told by the islanders how the British brig—shot-torn and riddled, with scarce an unwounded living man aboard her—was steered out into the safety of the open ocean through the other narrow channel by the girl whose presence had drawn its commander there. And behind the brig the earth itself is said to have risen strangely, so that to this hour no other vessel of her size has since crossed those treacherous waters. The account of the fight can be read in dusty despatches; details of the eruption can be obtained among West Indian records—of this there is no doubt. That there has been a change of level in the old channel whose bed was upraised by the earthquake shock is, geologically, quite possible. But that the British brig-of-war was the last vessel to pass through it in safety rests on local tradition alone.

I questioned the Professor about it once, but he explained, uncompromisingly, that the lawless imagination of popular prejudice was apt to invest scientific phenomena with sentimental superstitions. He prides himself—as he will tell you repeatedly—on being a practical person.

Moreover, the Professor is a great man, and his name is Ornardstone. When addressed officially in writing a long row of capital letters follows, denoting that fellowship of many learned

societies for whose scientific attainments he has been heard to express in private a caustic contempt. He is capable of enlarging on the multitude of errors of the first magnitude which are patent to the practical in the bulky volumes of the 'proceedings' of the aforesaid bodies cumbering his study floor. Huxley, he considers, was usually sound in theory, but over-apt to pander to the lower intelligence of the lay mind by unneeded allusions to poetical and historical fancies of unscientific value. Tyndall also was given to much waste of precious time and energy in elementary controversies with palpable ignorance. The Professor himself is understood to be gathering materials for a great work on 'The Seismic Disturbances of the Earth's Crust.' For this purpose volcanoes far and near have been subject to exhaustive exploration of the most critical kind. He thinks nothing of a few days' run over to Vesuvius, or Etna, or Stromboli. From my yacht, the *White Heather*, he lingered among Iceland Jökuls till we nearly got frozen up by the winter. For two never-to-be-forgotten days he was lost completely in the neighbourhood of Hecla. As one of the experts of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society he alarmed his colleagues by the rashness of his personal investigations, and quarrelled with them luridly in pamphlet form, unhampered by prejudices in favour of unanimity of opinion. He is said to have been mistaken for a missionary in the Sandwich Islands till he absent-mindedly seduced certain regular converts into the transport of unique specimens of lava on the Sabbath-day. He escaped from the consequent outburst of ecclesiastical wrath, to be nearly smothered shortly afterwards on Cotopaxi by an inconsiderate fall of volcanic dust around his bivouac tent. In one of the intervals of his labours he published a work on 'Common Hypotheses relating to the Formation of Volcanic Vents,' which, launched as a bombshell at the orthodox in such matters, roused a whirlwind of indignant controversy, and was responsible for a wholly undignified storm at one of the usually sleepy meetings of the Geological Society. It was more than a year since last I had seen him.

Then by chance I met the Professor in the tea-room of the Royal Geographical at Burlington House. Some one had been reading a paper on recent volcanic disturbances in the West Indies, and the Professor pounced on me delightedly at its conclusion, to condemn both lecturer and audience with comprehensive disdain.

'The foolishness of these people is as lamentable as it is surprising,' he opined. 'Lukins'—the essayist of the evening—'however, errs not from ignorance, for I have endeavoured to enlighten him by some observations of my own, which I forwarded to him recently by registered post. His subject to-night is one to which I myself have devoted considerable attention, and on which I, being a practical person, have ventured to take wholly different views. I shall not shrink now from expressing my candid opinion as to his merits and conclusions in my forthcoming treatise.'

I was beginning to explain my sympathy for the present and expectation for the future when a materially minded creature, laden with two cups of tea for the refreshment of the frivolous, cannoned violently into the Professor, to the exceeding detriment both of the beverage and the Professor's boots. Even to the scientifically inclined such a catastrophe is demoralising. From the resultant controversy I was edging cautiously away when a girl came up in search of her father. After twelve months of absence I was face to face with Edith Ornardstone again.

That the Professor should ever have married at all was one of those occurrences which emphasise the contradictions of this world. He had been, however, devoted to his wife, who died young, leaving an only daughter. I had first met Edith Ornardstone on a friend's yacht at Cowes. She was an enthusiastic yachtswoman, and our acquaintance had speedily ripened into close intimacy. Soon I realised that she was the one centre of every hope for me. I asked her to be my wife, and—she refused. To me it was as shattering a blow as any man could have.

It was not, I believe, that she disliked me; only the old story of some one in the past who had been preferred. I say in the past because, as far as I could learn, they rarely, if ever, met now. My rival had been in the navy, but had left the service—exactly why I had never been able to discover. I had heard his name; I believed he was now a master in the mercantile marine; and I knew no more about him.

Edith greeted me with quiet friendliness. But before much could pass between us the Professor gripped me violently by the arm, the light of battle in his eyes.

'That individual—Lukins—pretends to support his entirely erroneous hypothesis by deductions drawn from personal observations in the West Indies. Yet his incompetence to deal with the subject is obvious. For two years'—the Professor glared at me—

'have I abstained from travelling in pursuit of further knowledge owing to my daughter's wishes. This shall be the case no longer. I intend to proceed to the West Indies without a moment's delay.'

'I'll take you out there in the *White Heather*, if you like,' said I, amused. And, somewhat to my surprise, the Professor jumped at the idea.

'You have already shown,' said he, with condescension, 'some distinct interest—for so young a man—in seismic disturbances. I will accept your offer in the cause of knowledge. Nothing is of less value than the surmises of so unscientific an observer as that—Lukins. His theory requires a complete disuse of human reason. We will proceed to expose him to the opprobrium he so richly deserves as soon as possible. When will your yacht be ready for sea?'

But at this point the girl intervened.

'You promised me not to go to the West Indies, father,' she cried, with sudden startled alarm in her face.

The Professor's rugged countenance relaxed, and a softer light than usual came into the dark eyes under the shaggy eyebrows as he turned to his daughter. 'My dear, we need not touch at the Marguerite Islands, if that is what you mean,' he said quietly. 'But otherwise I am determined to go, and since Mr. Harvard has so kindly offered me a passage, there is no reason why I should hesitate. He and I have been shipmates before, to our mutual edification, I trust.'

This was complimentary to me, though when I thought of that trip to Iceland I nearly laughed. But the girl's evident distress sobered me effectually. I puzzled over it with wonder as I walked back to my rooms in Albemarle Street. However, I telegraphed to my skipper at Southampton to prepare for the cruise. Next day brought me a tiny note from Edith asking me to call and see her at once. It was a dainty scented little note, bringing memories of months ago, before black constraint had fallen upon the relations between us. In the afternoon I presented myself, with some misgiving, at the Professor's quaint old house in a Bloomsbury square. I tripped over some newly acquired specimens of angular lava in the hall. The room into which I was shown was empty.

Here my attention was immediately arrested by a picture on the wall. It was an old, strikingly beautiful portrait of a girl of some bygone generation. The delicately outlined face under

the fair hair was noble and fearless, and yet a wistful look in the eyes seemed to look out to you, and through you, and beyond you, as if to meet some Fate which you would not comprehend. I knew in a moment of whom the picture reminded me. The likeness to Edith herself was unmistakable. It fascinated me completely.

'I see you are studying the portrait,' said a girl's voice suddenly behind me. I swung round hastily; I had not even heard her enter the room. 'It is that of my great-grandmother. Curiously enough, I am going to speak to you about her directly. But first you must have some tea.'

I sat down quietly, and Edith Ornardstone talked a little—the usual polite commonplaces of an afternoon call. The utter conventionality of it all struck me painfully, and I was conscious of answering mainly in dull monosyllables. Once it had been so different.

Then, when the teacups were finally set down, she suddenly raised her head and looked at me. 'I want you to promise me to persuade my father not to go to the West Indies,' she said deliberately.

'Why?' I asked, in some surprise. 'I will take good care of him.'

She nodded gravely. 'I can trust you to do that, I know,' she said quietly. 'But your care might be of no avail notwithstanding. Are you at all superstitious—I mean, do you believe in Fate?'

'Fate!' I repeated the word doubtfully. 'No, I don't think I do.'

'Then you are wrong,' she continued calmly. 'There is a Fate which overhangs my family, and has never been known to fail since first it arose. The Ornardstones always return to St. Nonan to die.'

'Where is St. Nonan?' I asked bluntly.

'In the West Indies. It is a small volcanic island belonging to the Marguerite group, to the north-west of Antigua. It has been my constant dread lest father should one day wish to go there, but so far I have succeeded in preventing him. Now, owing to that most unfortunate lecture, he seems determined to do so. The offer of your yacht finally decided him.'

'I am very sorry,' I said rather stiffly. She could hardly expect me to know this by intuition I considered.

'I am not blaming you,' the girl answered swiftly. 'I will tell you the story, cutting it short as much as possible.' And then followed the tale of the brig of which I have written above.

'That girl, whose portrait is on the wall above you, was my great-grandmother, and the commander of the brig was an Ornardstone. By the time he had recovered from his wounds and was able to return to England, Trafalgar had been fought, Nelson was dead, and no one knew of his dereliction from duty. But, whether in punishment of his disobedience, or whether in fulfilment of an old curse which some say was invoked on him by the dying among his crew, all the men of the Ornardstone family return to the West Indies at the last. It is our Fate. Now you understand why I do not wish my father to go.'

'And you believe this?' I asked, a little awed.

'It is a fact that from that day to this it has been true of every Ornardstone,' said the girl gravely. And silence fell upon us both.

I had often told myself that there was nothing in the world that I would not do if Edith asked it of me. Yet in this, her first request, I utterly failed. It is true I made some feeble attempts to divert the Professor from the contemplated trip, whereat he became as explosive as one of his pet volcanoes. Next I suddenly developed a distressing nervous complaint which required prolonged repose on shore. This was nipped in the bud by an unexpected visit from the Professor, accompanied by an unsympathetic physician, who called one evening at such time as I was playing whist with some old college chums after a dinner at the Carlton. Lastly, my skipper, acting upon secret instructions, discovered alarming defects in the yacht's hull and machinery, necessitating a complete and lengthy overhaul. To my horror, the Professor promptly produced an individual who claimed to be a Lloyd's surveyor, and I had helplessly to permit the two of them to conduct an independent survey, which entirely demonstrated the seaworthiness of the *White Heather* and exasperated the indignant skipper to the verge of resignation. The Professor returned from Southampton and announced that, to a practical person such as himself, the conclusions I had drawn as to the yacht's qualities were difficult to reconcile with the facts as set forth by the expert. He remarked, furthermore, with emphasis, that if I had for some unstable reason changed my mind, he should then propose to leave by the next mail steamer in four days' time.

He looked as if he meant to do it, too, and this I pointed out ruefully to Edith.

'And if once he gets out there with a single ticket, it will be very difficult to get him away again, I opined gloomily. A feeling akin to that which I think must exist between fellow-conspirators had grown up between us. It is not necessarily a pleasant one.

The girl stood silent in the window, flushing slightly, her gaze on the dingy London street outside. Then a light broke over her face.

'That is true,' she assented gravely. 'You will have to go now in the *White Heather* as arranged. Only, please, you will have to take me also.' Her small lips closed after the words with a look of decision.

For a moment I was too taken aback to reply. Then I muttered something about the accommodation of the yacht being rough and unready for a lady.

'I am afraid it will be an awful trouble to you,' she said with a queer little smile. 'And you will have to ship a stewardess, I suppose. But really I think you—must!'

Thus it came to pass that when, a week later, the *White Heather* ran out past the Needles towards the western sea she carried everything that was dearest in the world to me, centred round the slight, graceful figure standing on the bridge, watching wistfully the trending coast of Hampshire as it faded in the setting light of day. If it were true that the weird Fate of Edith Ornardstone's race was at work, it was equally certain that I had proved powerless to stand between it and her. The consciousness of this failure was very keen.

Truly I had a harassing time for the last few days prior to sailing. The yacht had been genuinely delayed while I restocked and refitted her with everything I could think of to add to the comfort of so unexpected an addition to her passengers. Then a pet seismic instrument of the Professor's was damaged in transit by the railway company, who thereby earned his savage obloquy, so that he believes to this day that sundry guards and freight clerks were corrupted by Lukins into an unholy league to thwart genuine scientific research. Being a man of learning the Professor is never particular as to his attire. He arrived unexpectedly on board during coaling time, inquired inopportunistly after the state of the boilers, and was promptly consigned by an irate engineer, who took him for a ship's chandler's tout, to a region which ancient

mythology considered was approached through volcanic vents. In one never-to-be-forgotten interview I solemnly assured Edith Ornardstone that nothing on earth should ever induce me to go to St. Nonan itself. Yet, so entirely had the shadow of the falling Fate closed upon me that next day I sneaked unostentatiously into a hydrographer's and bought a chart of the island. This I locked away guiltily. I suppose I am more superstitious than I care to own.

For quite a long time the voyage was uneventful. In less than a week my whole crew, including a misanthropic stoker and a suspicious ship's cat, adored Edith. Between us two alone did any constraint ever seem to exist. There were lonely moments when, as I paced the bridge in the night watch, I bitterly regretted I had ever sailed with her again. There were hours when I deliberately avoided her. And then would follow other times when I felt that we yet might need each other, and I was more content.

It was the Professor who saved the situation. Whether he remembered what he had most certainly known in the past as to the relations between his daughter and myself I could not be sure. Occasionally I would think he did; often I was certain he thought of nothing but catastrophic eruptions of the most lurid kind. The liveliest feud developed between him and my worthy skipper. That independent survey business rankled sorely in the latter's mind. A climax was reached when the mariner resolutely propounded a theory, culled from a popular education series, concerning the relation of sun-spots to terrestrial disturbances. As far as I could learn, it consisted of an argument that maximum periods of sun-spots corresponded with increased activity on the part of volcanic phenomena. At first the Professor condescended tolerantly to tell the man he was wrong. The skipper bristled with pig-headedness and unexpected facts—at least he said they were facts, though where he got them from I don't know—like a cross-grained scientific hedgehog of inferior breed. The Professor became annoyed, and held forth during a whole dinner on the difficulty of explaining with clearness to an unscientific mind the want of clearness of the ideas that such a mind was wont to harbour. Forthwith the skipper's theories grew wilder, and became so manifestly fallacious that to argue was to waste vital energy, and denunciation alone was required. Fortunately, at this stage in the controversy we fetched up against an island which

boasted an extinct volcano, and the Professor plunged into learned investigations which were to solve the perplexities of the doubter and confound the judgments of the Philistine. Meanwhile Edith Ornardstone and myself were thrown more and more together, for the Professor had decreed the collection of certain photographs which would, perchance, prove a boon to those who required a pictorial stimulus to study. For the first time in my life I grew interested in photography; with Edith as teacher its charm was complete.

We cruised from island to island, and the days drifted on in lazy brightness. The shadow which had lain over both the girl and myself was passing into the background. I had almost forgotten that such a place as St. Nonan existed. The dividing-line between comedy and tragedy, between lightest pleasure and sternest reality, is faint indeed. It is a commonplace of life to say so; it is also an absolute truth.

One evening the blow fell. I remember Edith had been telling me, in tones that hovered between sorrow and laughter, of a sad mischance that had befallen sundry ducks in which the steward had invested for the edification of future dinners. The unfortunate birds had, not unnaturally, looked a bit confined and miserable in their coop forward. On Edith pointing this out the steward was seized with compassion and a brilliant idea. Tying long pieces of string to their legs, he hove them overboard for a swim. To the utter indignation of the steward and the complete ending of the ducks a predatory shark promptly contributed. I grieve to say I was laughing over the disaster as I lounged beside Edith on the after-deck.

It was a most oppressive evening. A hot sultry day had dawdled to a murkier close. On the distant horizon-line the streaked clouds had crimsoned angrily in a threatening sunset. The air seemed laden with a dense stillness, and the sheet lightning played stormily over the glinting phosphorescence of the sea. The yacht was lying at anchor in a little roadstead. The lights of the one other vessel in port, a local trading steamer, shone mistily across the dark water.

A boat whose rowers were in a hurry splashed alongside and hailed. Two men scrambled up the gangway.

'Is Mr. Harvard on board?' asked a voice I knew. It was that of the chief magistrate of the island, whose guests we had been the day before. 'I must see him at once, please.'

I took them both down to the lighted cabin. The official plunged into his story without preamble. The other man was a stranger to me.

'There has been a terrible eruption of Mount René at St. Nonan. News has just come by wire. The inhabitants of the village below are in a state of panic—probably with but too much reason. I fear the danger to them is extreme should a second outburst occur. I have telegraphed for a man-of-war, but it will be several days before one can possibly reach the island. As you know, it is only eighty miles from here, and they are begging for immediate help.'

'Yes,' I said dully, as the speaker paused. I felt no surprise; the certainty had come.

'Will you go to their assistance?' asked the magistrate gravely. 'And, if so, at once?'

I stared at him for a moment in silence. 'Why should not the *Manitoba* go; it is her next port of call?' I queried almost fiercely. The *Manitoba* was the steamer lying alongside us.

'This is the captain of the *Manitoba*,' came the answer in dry, scornful tones. 'He refuses to imperil his ship.'

'I have to protect my owners' interests,' said the other man doggedly. 'I won't run her into some volcanic hell for anyone on earth. I've told you that already.'

'Say outright that you are afraid, and speak the truth,' said the magistrate with hard contempt. 'And yet you call yourself—I suppose—a man!'

'Oh!'—the little gasp rang through the small saloon. I turned sharply at the sound. Unnoticed, Edith was standing in the doorway. Her face was absolutely bloodless.

'George!' she cried. The master of the *Manitoba* sprang to his feet as if he saw a ghost. 'You—here!' The girl reeled back against the boarding.

In some matters love will give an instantaneous insight where mystery would otherwise conceal. With a flash the knowledge came to me; this, then, had been my rival of the past. He was a younger man; he was stronger and handsomer than I; but deterioration was stamped all over his pallid working features. And Edith Ornardstone had loved him—once!

There was a tense deadly silence. The magistrate looked curiously at our tell-tale faces. But he was a gentleman, and knew

when to be blind to what did not concern him. He spoke again quietly to me.

'I should hope there is not much danger. But still, my wife and I will be only too happy if the Professor and Miss Ornardstone would consent to be our guests on shore while your yacht makes the trip, Mr. Harvard.'

At this the Professor looked up from the microscope, over which so far he had been absorbed. 'Hitherto I have abstained from an expression of opinion as to the course to be pursued,' he remarked. 'There is, however, no question as to what is to be done. We will go to St. Nonan immediately. I also shall accompany the yacht. Such an opportunity to observe the expulsion of heated materials from the interior to the surface of the earth is not to be lightly disregarded,' he added as an afterthought.

'I must speak to Miss Ornardstone first, before I can decide,' I said hoarsely. And at my abrupt bidding the girl followed me on deck without a word.

I leaned against the side-rail beside her, scanning her face searchingly. It was white with foreboding. Her breath came and went in heaving strife. So close were we that stray loose hairs brushed my cheek and stirred me to wild desire. What need I care if the whole world thought evil of my actions provided they were for her?

'I will say I won't go,' said I—yet half in question. The futility of attempting to keep the Professor on shore while the yacht sailed was recognised instinctively by both of us.

'And be thought a coward like—that man—below!' cried the girl passionately. 'Oh! I cannot stand it. Why is my life so difficult? What right has this Fate to haunt me so?'

I answered nothing; in truth I knew not what to say. I would have given all I had to be able to comfort her, and I was helpless. It was Edith who broke the silence with a little sob.

'We will go to St. Nonan. It is useless to try to rend a chain which has held for generations. Only, please get that—other man—off the ship as soon as possible. I never want to look on him or speak to him again.' And, refusing my aid, the girl walked unsteadily away to her cabin through the darkness of the night. So the other man passed out of our lives for ever, and we went to meet the Fate.

Once the decision was taken we hustled the *White Heather*

at her top speed to the rescue. Next morning we lay in St. Nonan harbour, busily shipping the panic-stricken refugees. Our boats plied backward and forward, bringing young and old, sick and well, men, women, and children, on board. Laden with their cherished little belongings, forced to abandon their homes nestling among the vines and brushwood, the poor creatures were dazed by the disaster which had overtaken them. All the time above us towered Mount René's sinister summit, belching out black threatening smoke, the tropical vegetation on its sides seamed by the new lava flows with hideous streaks of desolation.

It was characteristic of the Professor that he worked with the most untiring energy of any of us. Had amusement been possible in the midst of such toil it might have been found, perhaps, in some of his methods. At one time I ran into him, laden with a squalling baby in one hand and a large parrot making an equally demoralising noise in the other, bound for the steward's pantry under the impression that food of sorts was chiefly desirable for both. From the semi-darkness of the yacht's little hold I heard at another time language proceeding the strength of which was in inverse ratio to that of the light. It was the Professor, wrestling with scattered bundles of household effects and a panic-stricken negro cook. Once, during a pause in the boat-loading, he even approached the skipper, who was mopping his brow in his shirt-sleeves, to remark genially that hitherto the difficulty of making direct observations of the temperature at which a lava stream issues at the surface had been insuperable, but that undying fame would accrue to the first accurate observer of such an experiment. The worthy mariner opined with fluent acerbity that he had never been hotter in his life, and was not a salamander. The Professor explained, quite mildly, that the myth of a newt-like reptile supposed to be able to exist in fire was an early legend of childlike character. Argument was mercifully prevented by the arrival of another boatload, including a small maiden, who frantically thrust her pet monkey with some violence into the Professor's arms to be saved. And amid all the turmoil and distress, in the stifling heat on the littering deck, through the suffocating press in the blistering cabins, moved Edith Ornardstone, encouraging the sweating sailors, soothing the sobbing women, comforting the children. If love describes the feeling which I had held for that slight slim form and dear white face till that day, then there is something stronger and nobler

even than love which can be inspired in a man by a woman. This I learnt; this I know.

The population of the village is quite small. We were embarking the last lot when the crisis came. Without the slightest warning a violent eruption occurred from Mount René. With a terrible detonation a huge column of dust and steam shot up from the summit and spread out into the shape of a gigantic tree. Through its black trunk of darkness the lightning drove in vivid scorching glare, darting restless in the columns of smoke. Around the edges of the crater weird fires were flashing; from its lip streams of liquid lava escaped, and rushed downwards like rivers of molten iron, darkly red through the gloom. Pieces of cellular scorice began to fall in pattering showers, some still glowing as they fell. Fragments of rock dislodged by the incessant earthquake shocks came rolling down the mountain-side. With the rumbling of the earth, the hiss of the angry sea, the bursting roar of fresh explosions, came the sudden realisation that the *White Heather* was trapped.

In this way. The volcano does not form the centre of the island, but is situated directly above the entrance to the harbour. The slope is steep and precipitous, rising abruptly from the water's edge. A line of fringing reefs and shoals, on which the sea often breaks heavily, spreads from the narrow inlet of the open ocean right round the harbour. On the north side of the natural bay are some remarkable rocks, known as the Eleven Virgins, with narrow winding channels between them. Between two of these memorials of past earthquake disasters the British brig-of-war—according to the legend—escaped in the days of Nelson. Now vessels always give the Virgins a wide berth. Cul-de-sac Channel, as it is termed, has a foul bottom; through it the wind often tears in variable, unsteady gusts; and its waters, at first deep, suddenly close in and shallow to a fatally small depth. A baffling current swirls at certain seasons through its cruel rocky sides.

On the yacht the first moment of panic was followed by desperate energy. Every superfluous human being was hustled below under shelter from the rain of scorching cinders. The cable was slipped, and we backed away from the shore in the rolling of the sea. On the fo'c'sle before my eyes a sailor was killed by a volcanic bomb. The skipper, struck in the face by a glowing stone, reeled, moaning and blinded, into the chart-room.

On the bridge three persons alone remained—Edith Ornardstone, the Professor, and myself. The sailor at the wheel was gone.

To escape by the ordinary entrance to the harbour was impossible. From some cause the full tide of destruction was pouring directly that way. The columns of smoke, dust, and scoræ from the mountain rolled thither, rapid and relentless, like a torrent of death. As the lava rushed down over the rocks the sea itself seemed to recede before it. The Virgins alone were clear.

I took Edith violently by the shoulders and tried to force her to leave the bridge. She shook her head; something unseen seemed to render her immovable. I yelled to the Professor to get her and himself below, under such cover as was possible, but his gaunt figure stiffened into resolute refusal. We shouted hoarsely at each other in the unnatural gloom.

This, then, was the moment at which the Professor—the hard, practical man of science, the scorner of legend and sentiment—lapsed from his high estate. It was a great lapse—one beyond belief; it was for once—once only.

‘Does that girl love you yet?’ he asked abruptly, pointing to his daughter.

‘How can I tell?’ I called in savage anger. ‘Is this a time to talk of things like that?’

‘It will soon be proved,’ he muttered. He flung me aside like a child, and at his imperious bidding the girl grasped the wheel-spokes. She was a splendid helmswoman; often in happier hours had she steered the yacht.

‘Cul-de-sac Channel,’ he commanded, his eyes fixed on his daughter’s. ‘Get the chart!’

Dazed and bewildered I fetched it. He spread it out, and swept the falling ashes from the wavy lines of rock and shoal on the paper. ‘Half speed ahead!’ The engine-room telegraph-bell tinkled.

It was hell behind us—it was shipwreck before. The yacht swung round slowly and headed for the channel, the Professor as pilot, the girl at the helm. At one moment peering over the canvas wind-screen of the bridge, at another immersed in the folds of the chart, the Professor was jerking out sentences and directions in a strained unnatural voice I did not know. The words drifted dully to my brain; the girl obeyed and steered mechanically.

‘To borrow an appropriate phrase I am sanguine—starboard a

bit—a nasty narrow entrance—much error has gathered round the story—stop her!—now slow ahead—the chart is incomplete or the compass is upset by magnetic disturbance. No vessel shall pass the channel—half speed—till another girl of the Ornardstones steers her lover to safety—that must be the Little Virgin rock—what a current it is here!—hard-a-port—easy. Depth of water on Cocoonut shoal, 9 feet—what does this yacht draw? Clearly a later alteration of sea bottom; links in the chain of evidence remain to be discovered—give that point a good distance, then hug the farther shore. If she loves you we shall get through—that will break the Ornardstone Fate—open water—full speed ahead! Ah!—saved!'

I was clinging to the rail, and my head swam. Then a shame-faced sailor came staggering to the wheel, and took it from the little white hands, blistered and scorched by their task in the falling ash showers. I stared back at St. Nonan Island, enveloped in a dense reeking atmosphere, black with smoke and flame, save where a continuous ruddy glow as from some vast hidden furnace lit the sombre sky. Foam whitened the muddied waves of the usually clear sea. The yacht was grey with ashes; her rigging and awnings were torn and charred.

Edith turned to me suddenly. There were dark lines about the eyes that fell shyly away from mine. Her fair hair was white with ash dust. Her dress was singed.

'I did not tell you quite all the legend about our Fate. Now it is gone for ever.'

I drew her to me, and again her eyes were raised to mine, lit by an expression I had never seen in them before—a look such as is only granted to a few men, I think, to see once, in the supreme moments of their lives.

'Because I—we—love.'

The words came low but clearly, so that their full significance could not be lost. I held her fast and kissed her, for I knew that nothing would ever separate us two again in this life nor yet beyond.

* * * * *

The Professor's book on seismic disturbances is a huge success. A whole chapter is devoted to the evidence connecting volcanic eruptions with sympathetic submarine earth movements, which the writer considers satisfactorily establishes the fact that these are often contemporaneous. I am also of this opinion, for

the burnt and blackened chart of Cul-de-sac Channel in my possession shows a depth of water over which the *White Heather* could never certainly have steamed had no sinking of the sea bottom occurred. I was pondering over the weighty arguments as to this one afternoon. It is a far cry from St. Nonan in the Marguerites to the Professor's cosy house in that Bloomsbury square. The former had begun to seem already but a dream of the past. The shadows of the legend, the oncoming of the Fate, the lapse of the Professor, the horrors from which we had escaped—had they indeed been real? Edith's voice broke my reverie.

'Do leave that book and help me unpack this parcel. This is the tenth present to-day, Dick, and the string is in a horrible tangle. I want your knife, please—quick!'

And on the day before his wedding a man usually obeys with promptness.

ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

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